ALIVENESS IN LITERATURE, BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

The Saturday Review of Literature

CULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

VOL. XXIII No. 11 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1941 FIFTEEN CENTS

"THE GIANT JOSHUA"
By Maurine Whipple
Reviewed by Ray B. West, Jr.

"THE LETTERS OF JOHN FISKE"
Edited by Ethel F. Fisk
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

THE COMPLEAT COLLECTOR
By Carl P. Rollins

"ARENA"
By Hallie Flanagan
Reviewed by Louis Kronenberger

"THE WYNNE DIARIES"
Edited by Anne Fremantle
Reviewed by C. D. Abbott

"CHIANG KAI-SHEK"
By Sven Hedin
Reviewed by Stuart Lillico

"THE ANCIENT GREEKS"
By William Kelly Prentice
Reviewed by Charles A. Robinson, Jr.

MAURINE WHIPPLE portrays Mormon life from the woman's point of view . . . *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

THANK YOU—For the many enjoyable guests we've had from among your readers. Are there others who would like to learn of our Southern New Mexican dude ranch? A proper mixture of desert, mountains, hot sun, cow ponies, delicious meals and comfortable beds all in the sleepy Mexican village of LaLuz offers a perfect vacation. It's there for the asking: MiCasa —Mr. & Mrs. Osborne Wood, LaLuz, New Mexico.

"GREEN SHADOWS" Lyme, Connecticut. Open all year.

PARENTS AND OTHERS with a school problem will find the "School & Colleges" Section of the current issue of Harpers Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.

NEW YORK BOUND? Nor sound of Juggernaut nor flickering electric day, to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people will appreciate the quiet, pleasant and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. Flexible accommodations. One room, $62.50 per month, for a year. Two rooms, $100 per month. Furnished suites —parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. Walter J. Weaver, resident manager, for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

INTANGIBLES which make for hominess. Play outdoors, or relax within. Two hours from city. With, without bath. Eclectic Clientele. The Farm on the Hill, Box 201, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

CABIN, secluded, waterfront, on old Indian Village site in historic Virginia, available in May, furnished, at $125 for year. Box 173-E.

"CHANSONS DE FRANCE" by Ivan Goll—first poetical expression in French of the tragedy of France. Powerful, restrained, original. Cover design by Fernand Leger. Order at 50 cents a copy from The Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th Street, New York City.

A JOLLIE NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL—but where are the Personals of yesteryear? Doesn't anyone want to write to anyone? Isn't there a Christmas present in the whole stocking you wouldn't want to exchange? We're at your service, only 10 cents a word. Ye Ed.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

AMERICAN HISTORY

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY, Glendale, California, specializes in publications relating to American history, travel, and economics. Catalogs upon request.

CLASSIFIED

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare books. Old books. New books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

RARE BOOKS

FIRST EDITIONS, Modern & American authors. Fine books. Catalogues issued. Phillip Duschnes, 507 Fifth Avenue.

BOOKPLATES

BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, great variety. Sample album loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. Send your wants for immediate attention. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. No. 400, 117 West 48th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

UNUSUAL WANTS supplied at moderate prices. Prompt, painstaking service. Catalogs. CHARTEROCK, Roseland, New Jersey.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mail order catalogue. 20c.

BACK NUMBERS

"ASK SHARAN." He has them. BACK NUMBER MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS, 90 Years of Back Numbers. SHARAN'S, 11 W. 17th Street, New York City.

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

GIRL FRIDAY, Ms. typing, research, stenographer. Shirley Chidsey, MU 2-6087, 247 East 37th, New York City.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco, Calif.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References, 1142—4th Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

SALES * REVISION * SALES to book and magazine publishers, U. S. and foreign. Advice on revision. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

RESEARCH FOR WRITERS AND LECTURERS. Thesis work, research papers, speeches, special articles developed by experienced research and editorial staff. STANDARD RESEARCH ASSOCIATES, 140 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C. Tel. WIsconsin 7-5477.

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 20 YEARS—Novels, short stories, books, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts marketed. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in handling hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write now for information regarding our resultful service. WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., at 51st N. Y. C.

EXPERT MANUSCRIPT TYPING, proofreading, stenography. Beth Maslow. Beachview 2-0571. 2063—77 Street, Brooklyn, New York.

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS WANTED

FACTS THAT ALL research workers, students, librarians and magazine publishers should know about periodicals are contained in an illustrated, sixteen page pamphlet which may be had free upon request from The H. W. Wilson Company, 950 University Avenue, New York, world's largest buyer and seller of sets, volumes, single numbers, foreign and American back number magazines.

GENERAL

RARE PICTURES and facts even more rare break through the patina of time in the most exciting publication of 1940—IN THE SHADOW OF LINCOLN'S DEATH, by Otto Eisenschiml. This historical masterpiece should be in the library of every American interested in America's history. First edition copies, autographed by the author, $3.00 from THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP, Inc., 16 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

ARE YOU INFORMED about astrology? Get Wynn's Magazine and test it for yourself in all departments of life and living.

WRITING TAUGHT BY WRITERS. An unusual opportunity for those who want to learn how to write short stories, radio scripts, juveniles, poetry, articles, journalism, publicity, etc. Small classes, taught by professional writers, allow individual criticism and guidance in marketing. Modest fees. Catalogue mailed on request. Register now for winter term. Writers' School, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. MU 6-8790.

READ GREAT BOOKS
At a Fraction OF ORIGINAL COSTS

THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE, *by Sir James Jeans.* The wonders of the universe in a fascinating yet scholarly work by a world-famous physicist.
Originally $2.25— **$1.00**

HALF MILE DOWN—*William Beebe.* A famous scientist and author tells of his exciting adventures, exploring new worlds at the bottom of the sea. Many fascinating illustrations. Originally $5.00— **$1.49**

THE ROBBER BARONS, *by Matthew Josephson.* The story of J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, Commodore Vanderbilt and the many robber barons who seized power in America during the 19th century. Originally $3.00— **$1.49**

QUEEN VICTORIA—*Lytton Strachey.* The famous and brilliant life story that established a new style in biographies. A beautiful and glowing classic of modern literature. Originally $3.75— **$1.49**

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO AND THE CONQUEST OF PERU—*Wm. H. Prescott.* The recognized basic histories covering the great native cultures of the Incas and the Aztecs, the Spanish invasions, the nature of the peoples and the development of the countries. Both histories complete in one volume. **NOW $1.25**

THE TUDOR WENCH, *by Elswyth Thane.* The story of the romantic and tempestuous youth of Queen Elizabeth.
Originally $3.50— **$1.49**

THE ART OF THINKING—*Ernest Dimnet.* How to make your brain work successfully, how to think things through, the secret of clear-headedness.
Originally $2.00—**NOW 98c**

WE COVER THE WORLD—*Edited by Eugene Lyons.* 16 famous foreign correspondents write about the high-spot reporting job in each of their exciting careers.
Originally $3.00— **$1.49**

BARGAIN BOOK CO.
25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Aliveness in Literature

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

I HAVE always had an aversion to expressing definitive opinions about literature. I enjoy picking up ideas from other people, but anything opinionated fatigues and irritates me. But I must "start up" the engine of my chosen subject by postulating that literature never survives unless it was alive when written. No cold accomplishment of language, intellect, and art can insure its preservation in the mind of the capricious conglomeration called Posterity. And this problem of survival power in the printed word is one which needs exploration. Why is it that so many unexpected authors have outlived their more august and acclaimed contemporaries? It may be because they conceived and wrote their works as human beings more than as ambitious authors, and expressed essential humanities rather than profound or seemingly original ideas. A few lines about a gooseberry tart may well be remembered and cherished while whole Odes to the Universe belong with the lumber of obsolete sermonizing and impenetrable sociology. Studying even the most imperishable authors, we value and retain in memory—not their notions about lofty subjects but those human touches which keep them alive for us—not what they revered or reasoned about, but what they loved or disliked.

To generalize thus is dangerous. Let us look into the matter more specifically. Let us consider the novelists, for instance, adventuring no further afield than Bennett, Wells, and Galsworthy. Bennett was himself and none other while describing those Five Towns which were the background of his upbringing. On the flavor and quality of those presentations of scene and character his reputation and readability will depend. As a provincial he excelled. As a man of the world he was far less successful. Wells is never so adorably memorable and humorous as when he is drawing on material derived from his early experience. (His imaginative writings come into another category of his munificent versatility). Galsworthy's masterly (though less vital) achievements are to be found in the splendidly drawn figures which he created from observing his elderly relatives in the days of his youth. The old Forsytes are the real thing. The younger ones are mere fictional contrivings by comparison, adroitly and sympathetically manipulated though they be. Here, in these three writers, we seem to have found a clue to the conundrum of what—conceivably—constitutes literary aliveness. Their best material was absorbed during the most receptive period of life; it is experience recollected and recreated with spontaneous gusto and constructive control. Such writings have the strong aroma of a greenhouse; they spring from rich and productive soil. The reader sits back with a sigh of relief, knowing that his author can be relied on to sustain the performance without striking a single false note.

It is my self-confirmed belief that when a writer is in his best form he feels his material with every nerve and fibre of his being; is, in fact, in love with what he is putting on paper. Something which has been stored up in him is finding its fullest expression. Good writers, I repeat, are most memorable when they are most human. It must, of course, be executed with acquired art; but the humanity is what "does the trick" for the delighted reader. Perhaps I ought to point out that by "humanity" I mean some quality in the writer which causes what he communicates to meet us more than half way. And I must add that the undissectable "something" usually comes from his emotional creativeness. It is our author's business to persuade his readers to *like* him. His small masterstrokes of detail come from his intrinsic temperament. Hence the advantage of being sympathetic. Writers who score off us by brilliant exhibitions of ungenerous wit need great genius to put the lasting breath of life into their productions. Posterity prefers to be edified with kindliness. Shakespeare knew this when he said that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

From "Lions and Lambs," by Low and Lynx.
As Low sees Arnold Bennett.

One remembers, for instance, Trollope's old clergyman, Mr. Harding, and how, in moments of absent-minded perplexity, he used to go through the motions of playing an imaginary 'cello. Who—having read that—will ever forget it? The picture is imperishable. It could not have been otherwise. Of such cardinal felicities we feel that nobody but that particular author could have evolved them. He has transmitted his indigenous aliveness, and we love him for it.

I HAVE suggested that our supposedly high-class literature does not inevitably retain its human interest. (By "high-class" I mean written with eminent literary accomplishment.) A lot of lifeless literature may continue to provide professors with pabulum for solemn researches; the longer an author has been neglected the more chance he has of being disinterred and made much of by some industrious specialist in the obsolete. But this

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does not constitute aliveness. A man of letters may even remain a great name and yet have ceased to be at all readable. Consider, for example, Chaucer and Spenser. The former (has he ever been called that before, I wonder?) has stoutly refused to become mere literary history. Through the full-blooded homeliness of his Pilgrims he prospers undiminished, in spite of the unavoidably archaic language which he employed in putting them before us. His people have not lost their reality; they are our comfortable, though remote, kith and kin. Spenser, on the other hand, seems likely to fall into the hands of the literary experts of the future. With all its manifold beauties, "The Faerie Queene" strikes one as a somewhat ghostly performance. Its elaborate fantasy has no recognizable relationship to anything on the present day earth. It is noble literature and contains many magnificent passages, such as the well-known procession of the Vices. But has it anything approaching the vitality and vividness of the old Border Ballads? A few years ago I toiled through more than half of it and then gave up with a feeling that its interest was as academic as that of Sidney's "Arcadia" and Raleigh's "History of the World"—both of which I had previously attempted to peruse for their period quaintness. These—and many other splendid old authors—are best enjoyed in an anthology of memorable and finely phrased philosophies. We cannot read their works as a whole unless we are literary-minded to the exclusion of all else. Anyhow "The Faerie Queene" fatigued me. As fast as my mental legs could carry me, I returned to those scenes in which Falstaff is as inextinguishly alive as Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Jorrocks. (Fat men, by the way, seem to have a much better chance with posterity than thin ones.)

IT is, I think, obvious that writers are only people who try to buttonhole us with what they wish to say about things in general and themselves in particular. The voice—and the man behind the tone of voice—is what matters most. In the long run, we don't much mind what he talks about, provided that he expresses the results of his own thought and experience with tact and intelligence—or better still, with emotional potency as well. The style is, admittedly, the man; but the man is also the style!

Our best living stylist in prose is Sir Max Beerbohm. Those who are privileged to know him (and those who were lucky enough to listen to his three broadcast "talks" a few years ago) are aware that he has acquired the art of putting on to the printed page—in so far as is humanly possible—every intonation of his exquisitely sensitive conversational style. Sir Max is that *rara avis*, a man who writes as well as he talks, and vice-versa. That he will become a classic it is not for me to assert, though I fully believe that his essays will continue to be enjoyed in much the same way as those of Elia. What I do assert is that he has found the surest method of achieving literary aliveness. He knows the scope of his temperate and beautiful talent, and has never attempted to exceed it. (In my opinion the word "talent" is an understatement.) It may be more glorious to attempt mighty things and fail to "pull it off." But I am not dealing with ambitious immensities. A live trout is better than a dead whale.

While on the subject of style. I would like to say that much modern writing seems to me comparable to the staccato tappings of a typewriter. Meanings are indicated with energetic precision, but no concessions are made to any inward ear which enjoys listening to finely controlled cadences of sensitive speech. This, I suppose, is merely a further proof that we are living in an ultra-mechanized state of society. But if it be true that the man is the style, I rather flinch from the idea of attending a gathering of modernist authors and being introduced to a row of hard-worked typewriters! After meeting one of my favorite living authors for the first time I have almost always exclaimed that he was exactly like his works. (I have also noticed that handwriting is peculiarly significant and characteristic.) "The man is exactly like his typewriter!" I utter those words as a warning to all whom it may concern.

IT is, possibly, worth pointing out that a notable exception to "the man being like his works" was Robert Browning, who seems to have been a case of dual personality—his genius independent of his everyday life in the presence of other people. (It would be interesting to know whether this was the case with Shakespeare—though it is now too late for us to find out for certain.) It is noticeable that the published letters of the author of "The Ring and the Book" make very tame reading; and even in the "Love Letters" he emerges as an unimpressive and unilluminating sort of amorist. Henry James wrote a masterly short story—"The Private Life"—in which he delineated the problem of the strange discrepancy between Robert Browning the poet and Mr. Browning the distinguished social celebrity. One of his Prefaces sums up the enigma

(*Continued on page* 16)

THIS WEEK

Articles

PAGE

ALIVENESS IN LITERATURE
By Siegfried Sassoon 3
THE COMPLEAT COLLECTOR
By Carl P. Rollins 11

Reviews

THE GIANT JOSHUA
By Maurine Whipple
Reviewed by Ray B. West, Jr 5
THE LETTERS OF JOHN FISKE
Edited by Ethel F. Fisk
Reviewed by Allan Nevins 6
CHIANG KAI-SHEK: MARSHAL OF CHINA
By Sven Hedin
Reviewed by Stuart Lillico 7
MEXICAN FRIEZE
By Addison Burbank
Reviewed by Grace Flandrau 7
THE ANCIENT GREEKS
By William Kelly Prentice
Reviewed by C. A. Robinson, Jr 10
THE GREAT LINCOLN MYTH
By George S. Bryan
Reviewed by Allan Nevins 12
WESTERN DEMOCRAT
By Arthur F. Mullen
Reviewed by T. V. Smith 12
JONATHAN SWIFT: GIANT IN CHAINS
By Frank Stier Goodwin
Reviewed by Alexander Cowie 13
THE WYNNE DIARIES
Edited by Anne Fremantle
Reviewed by C. D. Abbott 13
NEW YORK: A GUIDE TO THE EMPIRE STATE
By the Federal Writers' Project
Reviewed by Carl Carmer 14
MARYLAND: A GUIDE TO THE OLD LINE STATE
By the Federal Writers' Project
Reviewed by Isabella W. Athey 14
ARENA
By Hallie Flanagan
Reviewed by Louis Kronenberger 15
WITCH HUNT
By George Seldes
Reviewed by Richard H. Rovere 17
CAPITAN: THE STORY OF AN ARMY MULE
By Lucy Herndon Crockett
Reviewed by Phil Stong 18
THE CABALLERO
By Harold Courlander
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly 18
NOT BY ARMS ALONE: ESSAYS ON OUR TIME
By Hans Kohn
Reviewed by Paul Birdsall 19

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I. Q. 5
EDITORIAL 8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 9
AUTHOR, AUTHOR! 10
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 19
THE NEW BOOKS 20
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 354 23
TRADE WINDS 24

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; James Nelson, Vice-President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary; George Dilkes, Business Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $4.50 in Canada; $5 in other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXIII, No. 11, Jan. 4, 1941. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the jacket by Maitland de Gogorza

Mormon Story

THE GIANT JOSHUA. By Maurine Whipple. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1941. 637 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RAY B. WEST, JR.

THE "Dixie Mission" of the Mormon church supplies the setting for this first novel by Maurine Whipple, the most recent of the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship series. It traces the history of the settlement of St. George, Utah, from the time that the Mormon apostle, Erasmus Snow, led his intrepid little band of followers over the formidable "Black Ridge," down to the days when the settlers had succeeded in erecting the first Mormon temple in Utah Territory.

Miss Whipple's story is seen through the eyes of Clorinda MacIntyre, the eighteen-year-old, third wife of a fanatical old Mormon dignitary whom she had learned to respect as "Uncle Abijah," but whom she never quite succeeds in loving as a husband.

The publishers tell us that this is the first attempt to portray Mormon life from the woman's point of view, and certainly it is Clory's story from beginning to end. There is her incessant struggle against the tyranny of her husband; the selfishness of Bathsheba, Abijah's first wife; against disease and hunger, particularly for the sake of her children, three of whom are taken by one fatal swoop of the dreaded "black canker." But there are other characters, too, who gain and hold our interest: the self-righteous Abijah; the slight, determined, and sympathetic Erasmus Snow; the domineering Bathsheba.

The threads of the story, almost as much concerned with the struggle against the treacherous Virgin River as with Clory's efforts to please her "cantankerous" husband, are skillfully woven. There is the constant danger that Abijah will be taken by federal agents and thrown into prison, as was Erasmus, under the charge of "unlawful cohabitation": the struggle to raise cotton for Brigham Young, to build schools, a meeting house, a tabernacle, and finally a million-dollar temple. There are the efforts to salvage some remnants of beauty and decency from among the sordid, ugly necessities of fighting disease, hunger, and the Indians. All of this is skillfully worked into the narrative, and the author has followed historical fact with admirable accuracy.

The style of the writing is interesting, employing technical devices to indicate the wide sweep of the whole Mormon movement that are unusually successful, particularly when we realize that this is a young writer doing her first novel. On the other hand, Miss Whipple has yet to overcome a tendency to sentimentalize. In a short chapter toward the end of the book, she goes so far as to refer to herself as "another Clory."

The book as a whole, however, makes excellent reading, and it catches one side of the Mormon story neglected in Vardis Fisher's popular "Children of God" (the only other important novel of the Mormons, by the way, written by a Mormon-born author), and that is the tenderness and sympathy which existed among a people dogged by persecution and hardships, forced to battle an inclement nature for every morsel of food they ate, and to struggle for every moment of genuine happiness.

Like the Giant Joshua tree (Miss Whipple's symbol), their roots were firmly imbedded in the desert soil, but their arms were outspread toward the heavens—their "promised land."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

TRIOS IN LITERATURE

Sometimes literary personalities come in trios so closely associated that it is impossible to mention one of them without thinking of the other two. Of the ten such combinations described below, how many can you name? Allowing 10 points for each complete and correct answer, a score of 50 is par, 60 is good, 70 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 14.

1. To win a bet, these three expert swordsmen, with a fourth friend, spent an hour breakfasting between the lines of two hostile armies.
2. The father of these three girls divided his estate among them in proportion to their expressions of love for him.
3. This trio went fishing for herring with nets made of silver and gold.
4. Sons of a famous sailor, each was of a different race.
5. This trio of school girls were wards of the Lord High Executioner of Titipu.
6. One of these sisters held the distaff, the second spun the thread of life, and the third cut the thread when life was ended.
7. An Irishman, a Yorkshireman, and a cockney, they were the worst men in a British regiment stationed in India.
8. Art students in Paris, they all three fell in love with an artist's model.
9. By the time they reached the equator, two of these Bristol sailors were ready to eat the third, for their supply of provisions had dwindled to one split pea.
10. Every year this trio of elderly spinsters observed the aniversary of the death of the late Mr. Wiggins, who, before falling off a roof and breaking his neck, had been engaged to one of them.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Popularizer Plus

THE LETTERS OF JOHN FISKE. Edited by his daughter Ethel F. Fiske. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 706 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

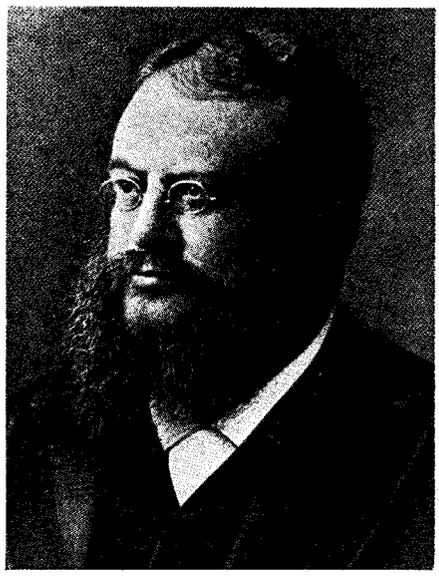
JOHN FISKE was a unique figure among American writers in the late Victorian era: unique in the breadth of his interests, the restlessness of his mind, the fullness of his learning, and the enthusiasm of his devotion to a few general ideas. Nobody of his time had more abounding energy in exploring knowledge, more gusto for facts and theories. But what seemed his strength to many of his own generation appears rather his weakness to ours. His versatility, his range, and his ardor were wonderful to his contemporaries. Now they look rather like the attributes of a superficial scholar and shallow thinker, who never got to the bottom of anything. Unquestionably he tried to do too much, and in too many fields, to become either a philosopher or a historian of high rank. And yet we cannot dismiss him merely as a brilliant popularizer of the ideas of Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer, merely the man who brought to the Gilded Age the revolutionary influences of the latest English thought. For, voracious as he was in swallowing the best parts of the new science and of Buckle, Mill, Maine, and Chauncey Wright, he was not without ideas of his own, while his passion for sweeping syntheses beneficially affected both philosophical and historical writing.

For Fiske was a man of genuine intellectual power, if not of high originality, who imparted vitality to every subject he took up, and related it vividly to other departments of culture. One index of his brilliantly roving mind is the four volumes of his collected short essays, in which he leaps expertly (for his time) from the races of the Danube to Comte, from etymological problems to the sociology of invention, from Whitney's explorations of the Sierra geology to Grote's ideas on mythology. Another and more pleasing index is afforded by this thick volume of letters, covering his busy career from 1850 ("I am now 8 years old and have read about 200 vols. of books on all subjects, particularly on Nat. History, Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Grammar, Mathematics, and miscellaneous things") down to his death in 1901. For Fiske had the essential qualities of a good letter-writer. His tremendous delight in new friends, new scenes, new books; his kinetic energy, always on tap physically and mentally; his desire to impart everything he saw or heard to others; his high spirits and bounce; his catholic appreciation of a brisk walk, a good meal, a vivacious argument, a symphony concert, a lecture, a fine picture, anything and everything—all this gives his letters an electrifying and tonic quality.

It is true that this thick volume is uneven. By far the best part of it is the four hundred pages that begin with 1863 and end with 1882; which begin, that is, with Fiske's friendship with E. L. Youmans, first correspondence with Herbert Spencer, and first reading of Maine's "Ancient Law," and which end with Darwin's death. In these nineteen years Fiske performed all his important work in the field of ideas. His youthful fervor and exaltation as he became intimate with the British giants are delightful. One perusal of Maine led him to exclaim: "I have passed through an Era and entered upon a new Epoch of Life." When he sent his first letter from Spencer on to his mother he bade her treat it as reverently as if it were an original scroll of the Koran.

The indomitable energy John Fiske threw into converting thoughtful Americans to evolution, into lecturing at Harvard, into writing for magazines and newspapers, into fraternizing with Youmans, Manton Marble, Andrew D. White, Henry Holt, and with other devotees of the gospel, is marvelous to read about. He and Youmans made Spencer a great American force. Then in 1873-74 came a long tour of Europe, spent chiefly in England; and his letters yield long and infectiously-enthusiastic impressions not only of Darwin and the other scientific masters, but of many literary figures—Tennyson, Carlyle, George Eliot, Froude, and so on. The thought and labor that went into Fiske's "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy" are described at length. The author's pride in his one great original contribution to evolutionary thought, the theory that the lengthening of infancy was a cardinal factor in converting our forefathers from brute creatures into men, comes out engagingly. Fiske's incessant fountain of high spirits, his capacity for turning all geese into swans, his uncritical optimism, sometimes grow a little tiresome. But he was a remarkable personality, irrepressible, exuberant, overwhelming; he amazed everybody and delighted most people; and he did a great work in helping to awaken the republic to the new science that had dawned with "The Origin of Species."

Preceding these four hundred pages stands a short section in which Fiske describes his early reading, his studies at Harvard, and his one love affair. Except that he was rather appallingly precocious, it is captivating. The way in which he took Abby Morgan Brooks and her Petersham family by storm is an extraordinary story, which he tells without reserve. The last part of the book is disappointing, even dreary, and touched with tragedy. Fiske, turning to history, became a popular lecturer. It is plain that financial anxieties pressed upon him, and that he thought more about money than was healthy. Though he wrote several good books —his "Discovery of America" is still well worth reading, and most readable —he no longer consorted with great minds, and was no longer uplifted by dedication to a vital and world-shaking gospel. The spacious, eventful days of the seventies, when it had been bliss to be alive and very heaven to be battling for science against reactionary theologians, were gone forever; and we find him reporting on the audience at Cincinnati, or the size of the door-receipts at Kansas City. Nothing indicates that Fiske carried into the historical field any of that transcendent fervor which had animated his philosophical pen. But for its central four-hundred pages, this book is well worth reading.



John Fiske's letters have an "electrifying and tonic quality."

Allan Nevins, author of the recently-published "John D. Rockefeller: The Heroic Age of American Enterprise," is taking a leave of absence from Columbia University, where he is Professor of American History, in order to deliver the Harmsworth Lectures in American History at Oxford University in England. He has already booked boat passage from New York to Lisbon, but is still awaiting confirmation of passage on the Lisbon to London plane.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Generalissimo Chiang

CHIANG KAI-SHEK. Marshal of China. By Sven Hedin. New York: The John Day Company. 1940. 284 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by STUART LILLICO

IT is doubtful if any white man has a fuller or more intimate knowledge of Inner Asia than Dr. Sven Hedin, the eminent Swedish scientist and traveler. Dr. Hedin's personal contact with the Generalissimo has been limited to two meetings, one in 1929 (apparently of 10 or 15 minutes duration) and the other in 1935 (a matter of an hour and a half of spirited conversation about Chinese Turkestan). As a result of these two parleys, however, the great explorer became an ardent admirer. On his return to Sweden he followed the Sino-Japanese war closely and, as he says in the preface of this volume, "was so captivated by the Marshal's great qualities as a statesman, strategist, and patriot that I could not refrain from writing a book on him and his historical achievements."

Dr. Hedin has divided his book into two parts: the first deals with China from the later years of the decadent Manchu Dynasty to the outbreak of fighting at Marco Polo Bridge in the summer of 1937; the second carries the story of the war forward to the summer of 1939. Scattered through the narrative are several references to Dr. Hedin's own experiences. These, to the mind of this reviewer, are by far the best sections of the book.

The first is a description of Dr. Hedin's audience with the great Emperor Meiji of Japan in 1908. In another particularly interesting section of the book, "Direct Reports on the War in China," Dr. Hedin quotes a number of visitors to his home in Stockholm on the trend of the Sino-Japanese hostilities since he left the Far East. The testimony of such men as Dr. Robert B. McClure, field director of the International Red Cross Committee for Central China; and "Duke" F. A. Larsen of Kalgan is worth close attention.

Courtesy Current History.
Chiang Kai-shek

Inevitably, though, Dr. Hedin is most convincing when talking about the subject he knows and loves best—Central Asia. His chapters on "China and the Border States," "China's Last Routes to the Outside World," and "China's Imperial Highway through Asia" are of real interest and importance to the student of world affairs. He describes the old "Silk Road" through Kansu and Sinkiang Provinces. Then he speculates on the (at that time) secret route of the new highway bringing in military supplies from Russia. Recent disclosures prove the accuracy of his surmises and give added value to his remarks on the potentialities of the so-called "Red Route."

Most thought-provoking of all, however, is Dr. Hedin's epilogue. Tracing the earlier ravages of Asiatic hordes into Europe, he pleads for Christian unity in the face of the greatest threat in the world's history to Western civilization. It is unfortunate that Dr. Hedin chose to put his greatest emphasis on Sino-Japanese relations and Generalissimo Chiang's background—subjects to which he has contributed comparatively little that is new. In spite of this shortcoming, however, the thoughtful student will find in this volume a great deal that is worth serious consideration, a characteristic of every one of Dr. Sven Hedin's excellent books in the past.

Mexican Landscape

MEXICAN FRIEZE. By Addison Burbank. New York: Coward-McCann. 1940. 268 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by GRACE FLANDRAU

BOOKS about our fascinating and endlessly challenging neighbor, Mexico, seem to pour off the publishing line in mass production numbers. It has fallen to my lot for various reasons, to read rather more than my share of this output; and this broad base of comparison has only added to my pleasure in, and appreciation of the book I have been given the opportunity to discuss today.

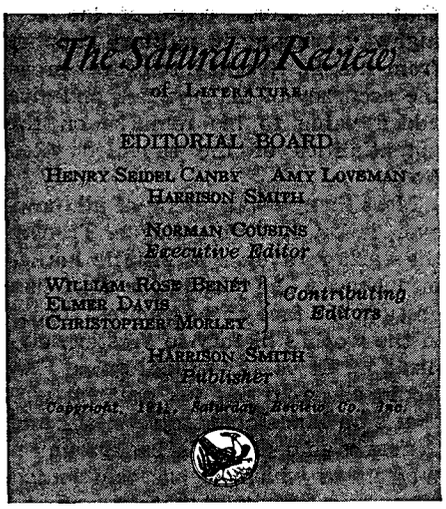
Mr. Burbank's "Mexican Frieze" sets a high standard for works of this kind. It not only increases one's knowledge of Mexico and especially of the most sympathetic part of her population, the pure blooded Indians, but also one's affection and concern both for Mexico and for this large and primitive element of her life. It does this in a way that to me at least, is intensely satisfactory. Mr. Burbank does not arrive upon the scene armed with a straight jacket of "ideology"—to make reluctant use of that increasingly odious word—into which he proceeds to cram whatever part of the scene or people he is determined to make prove his dialectical point. On the contrary, he reverses the process, and thoughtfully and intelligently tries to extract ideas and conclusions from what exists.

Mexico, the "Mexican situation," is an immense and complicated subject and it is obviously impossible to deal, in any single volume with all of its aspects. But the modest scope of what Mr. Burbank declares himself to have undertaken—that is, a search for color, in the painter's sense of the word, a desire to see for himself whether the Indians of Mexico have, as in Guatemala, clung to their "ancient dress and folkways," has made it possible for him to deal very thoroughly and honestly with what he finds.

His purpose takes him far away from the main highways of travel, into the remote villages where the various Indian peoples still speak only their Indian languages, and live to a large extent, pre-Conquest lives. As I know a good deal about the excruciating discomfort of such travel in Mexico, I am especially grateful to Mr. Burbank for making it possible to take these journeys both vicariously and in so satisfactory a manner.

Let me repeat, this is not a pretentious book. It does not attempt to be either an encyclopedia or a last word about Mexico. It recounts quite simply the author's visits to the land of the Tarascons, of the Zapotecans, and of the people of remote Chiapas—members of the Maya family of Yucatan and of Guatemala. It also includes occasional bits of history easily and readably set down. The style throughout is excellent journalism, and the book is charmingly illustrated by interesting color prints and pen and ink drawings done by the author. And I believe if you are interested in adding to your authentic knowledge of Mexico, this is a book you will want to read and also to keep permanently on your shelves.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FITZGERALD AND THE JAZZ AGE

IN the death last week of F. Scott Fitzgerald there passed an author whose books, though they are comparatively infrequently read at the moment, had an enormous vogue at the beginning of the twenties and played no little part in the social history of the country. It is hard for the younger generation of today, accustomed to the freedom of social intercourse which is theirs and to the respectful hearing accorded their beliefs and plans, to realize that the freedom and dignity which they have achieved, are in large part the outgrowth of post-war years. Young people in America, from the earliest days of our history, had, to be sure, enjoyed a freedom from social conventions which was at once condemned and envied by the more sophisticated societies of Europe. Except in the cities, that omnipresent figure of European society, the chaperone, was almost unknown, and even on the Atlantic coastboard, where wealth and travel had entrenched European custom, it was only in the larger towns that her rule was observed. The camaraderie of American boys and girls, the good fellowship which marked their school relationships and their fun-making, the informality of their later dancing and courting days were as world famous as the indulgence of American parents to young children and the devotion of American fathers to their daughters. Nevertheless, this was all a freedom within a strictly conventional pattern. So far as taboos on conduct, as differentiated from mere social manners, were concerned, American society accepted Victorian morality wholeheartedly, and expected of its young people conformity to rigid standards of behavior. It was all very well for the young to be unchaperoned, but it was only well because American young men regarded chastity as the priceless jewel of womanhood, and the condemnation of their group as well as the ostracism of society in general was meted out to any wanderer from the paths of virtue.

There had been whispers, of course, before F. Scott Fitzgerald published "This Side of Paradise," that American youth had entered upon a period of social laxity but it was not until that novel and subsequent tales of flappers, jazz, and gin by Fitzgerald and others made their appearance that the nation as a whole became aware of the change that was taking place in the code of conduct of the young. Fitzgerald and his fellow authors, since they were novelists writing for dramatic effect and not sociologists investigating national well-being, threw the excesses of the Jazz Age into a prominence which was perhaps as misleading as it was startling; they roused a mortal fear in the parents of the land, and a shocked reaction on the part of the elderly in general. But they did something more constructive than this, for they brought into the open the gathering rebellion of youth against the restrictions of the past, and, by making it apparent and articulate, set it on the way to correction. If now, in the opening lustrum of the forties, our youth is more conservative and far less belligerent than in the first period of the twenties it is because in the decades since the World War it won its freedom from the trammels of the past. Sinclair Lewis and his followers on the one hand, belaboring the restrictions and sterility of small town life, and Scott Fitzgerald and his fellows on the other, showing youth emerging as "beautiful and damned" from the repressions of the Victorian Age, forced a revaluation of social codes upon the country which resulted not only in a salutary broadening of outlook but also in a tolerance of the point of view of the young which deprived them of the necessity of bravado.

Since the twenties youth has gone through the ordeal of the depression, gone through it with shattered hopes and admirable courage, and has emerged from it conscious of itself as a group and united as never before for what it holds good. But it fights now for economic and political ends and no longer for release from outworn social shibboleths. That release it had won for itself by the time the tumult roused by F. Scott Fitzgerald and his fellow writers had somewhat died down. Youth came out of its swaddling clothes with these novelists. They were the publicizers of the new freedom in which the young had come to believe and which they were practising, and if they showed that new freedom at its worst, they nevertheless helped to initiate the nation into the psychology of youth and thereby to work a transformation in the entire social outlook of the country. The Jazz Age had no more complete expression than in the novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald. That they are already to a great extent unread is perhaps the best testimonial to the fact that the kind of society they portrayed is even now retreating into history.

A. L.

Twenty Below

By Paul Engle

TWENTY below, I said, and closed the door,
A drop of five degrees and going down.
It makes a tautened drum-hide of the floor,
Brittle as leaves each building in the town.
I wonder what would happen to us here
If that hard wind of winter never stopped,
No man again could watch the night grow clear,
The blue thermometer forever dropped.

I hope, you answered, for so cruel a storm
To freeze remoteness from our lives too cold.
Then we could learn, huddled all close, how warm
The hearts of men who live alone too much,
At once, before our death, admit the old
Need of a human nearness, need of touch.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"N. L. & D."

SIR:—Please allow me to express as briefly as I can the general impression I brought away from my reading of the article, "Nihilism, Literature, and Democracy," by Louis J. Halle, Jr., (*SRL,* Dec. 14). I think there must be many persons in the United States who, like myself, do not attend religious services regularly, or emphasize their Americanism, lest by doing so they might find themselves too often in masked company. Surely such matters should be manifest, and not made the subject of a parade or a song. But many who do not go into the market place to find consolation in their moments of need, and who perhaps occasionally miss something helpful thereby, must feel deeply moved when they have the good fortune to come upon a splendid statement from some source which is not associated with professional goodness.

LOUIS DODGE.

Redondo Beach,
California.

SIR:—I have read with much interest, "Nihilism, Literature and Democracy," and I should like nothing better than to be able to believe the solution it reaches the correct one. I should like, quite as much as Mr. Halle himself, to feel that by ignoring the petty and evil and concentrating on the beautiful and noble American writers could bring back the days of Joseph Conrad's sailors. But unfortunately the days of Mr. Conrad's sailors are gone and the days of Hans Otto Storm's are very much with us. And not only with the sea but with every aspect of life there is a hiatus between what very nobly might be and what very demonstrably is.

Moreover, I question whether any considerable body of people can be found who believe that the chief function of literature in a democracy is to write about life as it is. Mr. Halle would imply that most people are satisfied to call a sociological document literature. I do not think that most readers of the *Saturday Review* are. On the contrary I believe most of them would feel that the chief function of literature in a democracy is to produce works of art by whatever means, and that most of them would deny a sociological document is in itself a work of art. And if sociological documents are being produced in abundance now and works of art are very scarce, well, works of art have always been very scarce even though works of almost-art have not usually taken the form of sociological documents.

And it is all very well to say too, as Mr. Halle does, that creative writers "must show us how best to live and how to die . . . they must each us that we have souls." But we cannot justifiably maintain, simply because we do not like Hitler, that men have souls. If a man is looking for a philosophy of souls he may read either the novels of Lloyd Douglas or he may go back to Joseph Conrad himself who really had something to say and was enough of an artist to be able to say it. But even if he follows the latter course Hans Otto Storm will demand a good deal of attention.

LOUISE DAVIES.

Ventura,
California.

Cartoon by Trent.

"As soon as he's 21, his father is going to give him the money to start a chain of 75 picture magazines."

Timecrime

SIR:—Cannot something be done to prevent the constant use in our daily newspapers of the abominable word "socialite"? The meaning of the word as generally used is a person possessed of an income sufficient to provide for "cocktail parties"; at which compounds of the drug alcohol and bitter essence of herbs are guzzled in varying quantities.

The Society for Protection of the English Language should order a boycott on the publications in which this vulgar word appears.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

New York City.

Washington Irving Editions

SIR:—A list is being made, with a view to publication, of editions of Washington Irving which have not previously been recorded. This would supplement the bibliographies issued some years ago by Mr. William R. Langfeld and Professor Stanley J. Williams, and is being prepared with their consent. If any of your readers have such items in their possession, I should be grateful if they would communicate with me.

JOSEPH C. BORDEN, JR.

The New York Public Library,
New York City.

Criticism and Dr. Greene

SIR:—I was greatly interested in the article by Jacques Barzun concerning criticism and the contribution to criticism made by Dr. Theodore M. Greene's book, "The Arts and the Art of Criticism" [*SRL,* Dec. 7].

While attending Bread Loaf School of English last summer in the double role of student and literary scout for an eastern publishing house I had the great good fortune to be enrolled in Dr. Greene's criticism course. Not only do I consider Dr. Greene one of the greatest teachers I have ever encountered, but I am convinced that if the critics of America would read and inwardly digest his book, we might at last achieve some semblance of unity in our standards of critical judgment.

E. HARRIET GIPSON.

Fariboult, Minnesota.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Greek Antiquity

THE ANCIENT GREEKS. By William Kelly Prentice. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1940. 254 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

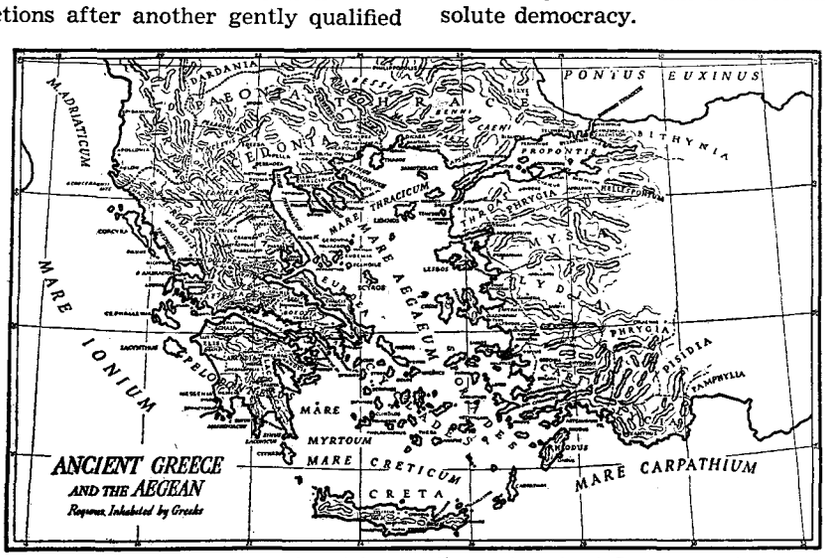
ONE of my great experiences as a young undergraduate was when I elected to take an advanced course in the "Iliad" with Professor Prentice. On the first day he gave me the longest assignment I have ever received—much longer than I would ever dare myself to give—and subsequently we spent an afternoon discussing my sophomoric report. Our task was to discover whether the "Iliad" is occupied with the events of forty-nine or fifty consecutive days, a problem which is, no doubt, insoluble, for I see in his recent book that Mr. Prentice is still undecided. We ended the afternoon by looking up Seymour's opinion, and I was careful to remember that the famous Yale professor was a good person to know. In my next report I referred incidentally to Seymour as an authority, and it was then that Mr. Prentice took off his glasses (as he was to do so often in later years, too) and for five memorable minutes explained to me what his reaction would be if the Archangel Gabriel should suddenly appear and announce himself as an authority.

This same passion for truth, for clear thinking and understanding, characterizes Mr. Prentice's writing, of course, and we can only hope that he will give us more volumes in the years to come. The present book has as its subtitle, "Studies toward a Better Understanding of the Ancient World." Layman and scholar will leave this book with a better understanding not only of antiquity but also of our own world; both readers will marvel at the precise writing, but the scholar will also be shocked to see one of his convictions after another gently qualified or demolished. For example, the many excavations in various lands have without question added tremendously to our knowledge of antiquity and have vitalized every branch of classical studies—a fact that helps to explain why so many hundreds of students elect courses in our classical departments. It is refreshing, nevertheless, to be told by Mr. Prentice that "it is true that not much new information about Greek antiquity has been acquired in the last century, in spite of many excavations." The point is that the history of any people is recovered by a study of their monuments and writings, and so far as the ancient Greeks at any rate are concerned our chief source is still the literature. By a searching scrutiny of this literature and of modern works on it Mr. Prentice not only shows that we do not know as much about the Greeks as we suppose, but also turns a strong and new light on what is known.

The book is intensely interesting as well as provocative. Mr. Prentice says, for example,

> Nor was freedom of mind promoted in any large degree by democratic institutions. The perfect fruit of democracy seems to be standardization, which is a blight upon individuality. That Athens under its democracy became the intellectual and spiritual leader of the ancient world was due partly to the innate talents of its people, and partly to the fact that Athens for a long time was the chief center of intercourse. Athens might have been that under an intelligent monarchy or oligarchy.

I am sure that Mr. Prentice is wrong, but I have not yet been able to formulate a bill of particulars that I would be willing to submit to my friend and teacher, unless we were to say, simply, that the great achievements of Athens were in fact won under democracy and that her chief faults were those of an imperialistic capitalistic democracy rather than those of an absolute democracy.



Copyright map from "The Life of Greece," by Will Durant.

Author, Author!

IN BRIEF: *André Malraux* ("Man's Fate," "Man's Hope") has been released from prison and is now at liberty in unoccupied France. He is at work on what he considers the most important novel of his career. . . . *Roger Martin du Gard* ("The World of the Thibaults"), winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, has been heard from for the first time since the German invasion of France. He escaped from his home in Normandy as the Germans advanced, finally reached Nice by way of Bordeaux and Vichy. With him on the long and dangerous journey was his wife who had to be carried the entire distance in a plaster cast because of a broken arm and shoulder. The author's home was ransacked, his books and papers destroyed. *Stuart Gilbert,* translator of "The World of the Thibaults," managed to get away with the last part of the English manuscript on one of the last boats from France. . . .

★ ★

Frank Munk ("The Economics of Force") tells a story of his arrival in New York in the summer of 1939. Two friends came to see him at his hotel. As the three began to speak in Czech, Mr. Munk automatically took off his coat and put it over the room telephone. Noticing the surprise of his friends he suddenly remembered that he was no longer in Prague, but in New York. Mr. Munk explains: "After the German occupation of the Czechoslovak capital talking over the telephone became a dangerous job. We knew that several hundred persons were employed at wire tapping and that many persons were being arrested continuously for speaking too openly what they really thought. It was rumored—and generally believed—that the Germans had a device enabling them to listen in even when the receiver was hung up. In the atmosphere of creeping terror it became one's second nature to look for the telephone first when entering a room, and to cover it before opening one's mouth." Mr. Munk says it is an immense relief to be free again. He is now in the Division of History and Social Science in Reed College.

★ ★

W. J. Cash ("The Mind of the South"), author of "Literature and the South" in the *SRL* for December 28th, has just wired his publishers as follows: "Jacket on my book says Mr. Cash has never married. He has now. Mrs. Mary Russ Northrup, of Charlotte, N. C., and I were married Christmas morning." There will probably still be time to change the jacket.

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Anniversary Crop

CARL P. ROLLINS

IT is natural human curiosity which wants to know more about the Rhineland citizen, John Gutenberg, who apparently invented the printing of books by means of leaden types. For as a result of that invention we have had innumerable exhibitions on this five-hundredth anniversary, accompanied by catalogues, miscellaneous publications, and several important books. Not the least interesting of the exhibitions was that of the Annmary Brown Memorial in Providence which featured the earliest printed versions of the Gutenberg claim to the invention. These early legends (the most credible being that of Ulric Zell of Cologne in 1499) are not authenticated; they can hardly be said to be adequate proof of anything but tradition.

The first original evidence of Gutenberg's activity in what is assumed to be printing was brought forward in 1760 by a Strassburg historian, Johannes Daniel Schoepflin, who had found three books in the city archives which gave some of the details of a law suit in which Gutenberg—and not for the only time!—figured. Like many an inventor, Gutenberg was perennially in need of money, and when a partner, Andrew Dritzehen, died, his heirs had to sue for an accounting. There was a cloud of witnesses, the testimony of many being included in the records. Schoepflin copied the records, and published them together with a Latin version of the Alsatian dialect in which they had been given. Unfortunately these documents have now disappeared —partly burned up in a bonfire celebrating the French Revolution in 1793, and partly when the city was besieged in 1870. Schoepflin had, however, preserved the wording in his book of 1760, reprinted by Nichols in 1938 in a very small edition.

These documents have not hitherto received full consideration and evaluation in any treatise in English, but Mr. Otto W. Fuhrmann of New York University has now done this in his "Gutenberg and the Strassburg Documents of 1439."* He has reprinted the text of the documents in the original Alsatian, as given by Schoepflin, together with Laborde's French rendition, and translations into modern English and modern German, in four parallel columns. Reproductions in facsimile are given of those portions of the manuscripts which were luckily traced before their final destruction. He has also added voluminous notes tending to clear up points rendered obscure by the archaic and hazy terminology of the original dialect. With a practical knowledge of printing (which many bibliographers lack) he has given a clear exposition of the primitive methods of type casting and printing, and provided some clear and simple pictures in an effort to reconstruct the appliances of the early printers. An extensive bibliography and an index complete the volumes—though the index might have been a little more ample.

The book has been printed at the Press of the Woolly Whale as a quarto of over 250 pages, in an edition of 660 copies. The work has been set in Mr. Rogers's fine "Centaur" type, and is a handsome piece of work: with the exception of the bibliography, which is a little too exuberantly set up. The book is a sound bit of practical and useful printing, preserving a nice balance between those qualities and good looks. It is good to see so scholarly a work given a becoming dress, more especially as the book is likely to be for many years the definitive treatment in English of the principal evidence we have of Gutenberg's activity at an important period of his life.

THE present anniversary year has brought out several other books, important if less exhaustive in any one phase of the subject. This year

Painting in the New York Public Library.

Gutenberg shows a page from his Bible to a patron.

Mr. George Parker Winship, long an acute student of the incunabula period, gave the sixth series of lectures in the Rosenbach Fellowship in Bibliography at the University of Pennsylvania. These lectures have now been published under the title of "Printing in the Fifteenth Century."* While following the conventional pattern in telling the story—"The Invention," "Printing in Germany," "Printing in Rome and Venice," "The Spread of Printing"—he reflects the newer approach to the whole matter by giving due emphasis to the commercial aspects of the early printers' work. If sometimes he tries to correct the sentimentality of some modern writers, his attitude has a salutary influence. It must be remembered that the Rhine Valley was one of the main trade routes of Europe, and the fifteenth century Germans a practical people. The book is good reading, lively — almost aggressive at times, but it is the work of a seasoned writer and teacher.

The Gutenberg invention is now so generally accepted that Professor Pierce Butler almost appears to play the part of Devil's Advocate in his "The Origin of Printing in Europe"† by placing rather more emphasis than usual on the preliminary stages in the development of type casting. It is becoming clear that the period of trial-and-error may have been more productive of small and in a sense experimental "job printing" than the effulgence of the great Bible and the Psalter have allowed us to see, and that Gutenberg may not have been the only worker who was endeavoring to find a means of writing artificially. Professor Butler suggests some surmises, and announces a few new facts which he promises to elaborate more fully later on; it may be that vexed relationships of Gutenberg, Coster of Haarlem, and Waldfogel of Avignon will yet be cleared up.

In "Wings for Words"‡ the indefatigable Mr. Douglas C. McMurtrie has told the story of the life and work of Gutenberg for younger readers. The method is fiction, largely conversation, and the result is a highly diverting narrative. This method is dangerous, but Mr. McMurtrie is an experienced writer as well as having been a student of printing for many years. The book is illustrated with lively pictures by Mr. Edward A. Wilson, and end-paper pictures of Mainz as it may have been.

**Gutenberg and the Strassburg Documents of 1439. By Otto W. Fuhrmann. New York, Press of the Woolly Whale, 1940. 4to, 272 pages.*

**Printing in the Fifteenth Century. By George P. Winship. Philadelphia: Univ. of Penn. Press. 1940.*

†The Origin of Printing in Europe. By Pierce Butler. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1940. 12mo, 174 pages.

‡Wings for Words. By Douglas C. McMurtrie. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 1940. 4to, 176 pages.

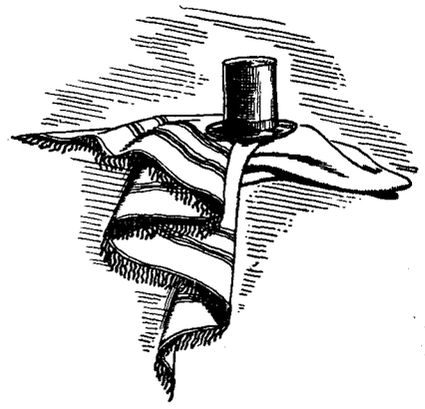
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Death of Abraham Lincoln

THE GREAT AMERICAN MYTH. The True Story of Lincoln's Murder. By George S. Bryan. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1940. 436 *pp.* $3.75.

IN THE SHADOW OF LINCOLN'S DEATH. By Otto Eisenschiml. New York: Wilfred Funk, Inc. 1940. 415 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS



From "For Us the Living," by Bruce Lancaster.

FEW events in American history are as dramatic, and no other is quite as tragic, as the murder of President Lincoln. Stricken down, like Wolfe and Nelson, in the hour of victory, Lincoln was immeasurably greater than these heroes as a man, as a leader, and as the embodiment of a nation's cause. His death furnished a poignant climax to four years of bloodshed and sorrow, it altered the destiny of the republic, and gave the world's Pantheon one of its most impressive figures. It is small wonder that the nation's imagination has played about the crime as about no other turning-point in our record; sometimes with poetizing and elevating effect, sometimes in mere myth-making and morbid gossip. Books have of late years been multiplied upon Booth, upon the dark act in Ford's Theatre, and upon the trials and executions afterward. Conjecture, fable, and misapprehension have grown until some realistic historian was needed to cut a straight road through the weeds and underbrush.

Mr. Bryan has effectively done this. He has searched out the essential facts upon the assassination, some of them new, and set them down without deviation to right or left. Perhaps that is saying too much, for he does sometimes wander aside to smash a troublesome myth; but in general he follows a straight course. He shows that great and increasing attention was paid in 1861-65 to safeguarding Lincoln, though the work was ill-coördinated, and Lincoln's own carelessness (part of it due to the ridicule attending his dash from Harrisburg to Washington in 1861) did much to balk his guards. He shows that Wilkes Booth was not a failure whose act might be traced to thwarted ambition, but a successful and highly-paid actor with a brilliant career opening before him. He proves that a genuine and long-matured plot for abducting or killing Lincoln existed, and that talk of it was rife among Confederate sympathizers in upper Virginia and lower Maryland during 1864. The plans of the conspirators just preceding the murder are traced in detail, and the events of April 14 at Mrs. Surratt's, the theatre, Seward's house, and in the streets of Washington are minutely and lucidly set forth. Attention is given even to such matters as the draping of Lincoln's box, and the question whether the blood on Laura Keen's dress came from the murdered President or the wounded Major Rathbone. Then, describing Booth's capture and death, Mr. Bryan wastes little space on the pseudo-Booths who made antic bids for attention in later years.

Mr. Bryan's book is history, and till we reach the anti-climactic last chapter on "False Colors and Shapes," extremely interesting history. Mr. Eisenschiml's book, though based on most painstaking research, is rather a piece of antiquarianism. He goes into the curious advance-rumors and forebodings of the assassination; he inquires whether Mrs. Surratt was tortured by her captors, finding that she was not —though she was very harshly treated; he narrates the wanderings of Mrs. Surratt's son John through Canada and Europe; he treats of Stanton's "reign of terror." Much of this is curious rather than important, and some of it decidedly trivial. But in his long chapter called "Behind the Scenes of the Conspiracy Trial" Mr. Eisenschiml presents a striking and illuminating story; while elsewhere in the book he throws valuable new light on the enigmatic and increasingly repellant figure of Stanton.

Pride and Prejudice

WESTERN DEMOCRAT. By Arthur F. Mullen. New York: Wilfred Funk, Inc. 1940. 361 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

READ here as dessert to the late election the life story, self-told, of one Western Democrat, a democrat blooded to the Irish, born to the Canadians, brooded to the Catholics, and blessed of the Nebraskans (as long-time National Committeman from that state). The story is literate, and reaches its climax of interest in the disclosure of how Nebraska's Mr. Mullen, floor leader for Roosevelt, wangled Roosevelt's first nomination at Chicago in 1932. The disclosure is not new, but it is here told with a political eye for engaging detail. His moral on how Roosevelt's rivals in that convention took the outcome, will bear repeating. "There's no moment," says our Mr. Mullen, "in a man's life that shows his caliber like the moment of defeat. Smith stalked out in rage. Ritchie marched out rigidly. Reed sat on the platform, impassive, gloomy."

Written from fresh memory of many a battle and in articulate foreboding of death, the autobiography would hardly be expected to achieve more than moderate social distance from the subject. It has indeed a minimum of that fine air of esthetic contemplation which alone can really ennoble one's own appreciation of himself. With moderate political magnamity however, our hero points his prides and sounds forth his alarms in manly fashion.

Mr. Mullen points with pride to the West and its ways, to the Irish and their spirit, to the Catholics and their influence, to the Democrats and their patronages.

He views with alarm many things, including these persons and principles:

The later William Jennings Bryan ("a deserter" and that "in the name of God").

Harold Ickes (for whose appointment "I was responsible—and may God forgive me!").

Robert LaFollette ("as fundamentally Hamiltonian as is Reed Smoot").

State Education of all children ("most dangerous of all" the ten points in the *Communist Manifesto*).

The Federal Bureaucracy ("with its new slogan, 'If you can't buy 'em, slug 'em'!").

Henry Wallace ("who appointed Republicans as county agents").

But after all what is a man in retrospect but his prides and his prejudice plus what his exercise of these teaches him? Well, their political exercise taught this hero this moral, fitting end to our review of his final tale: "it's a game of live and learn; and by the time you've learned, you're nearly through living."

Stifle that smile, sirs; for it will be so with even you, my friends!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shackled Satirist

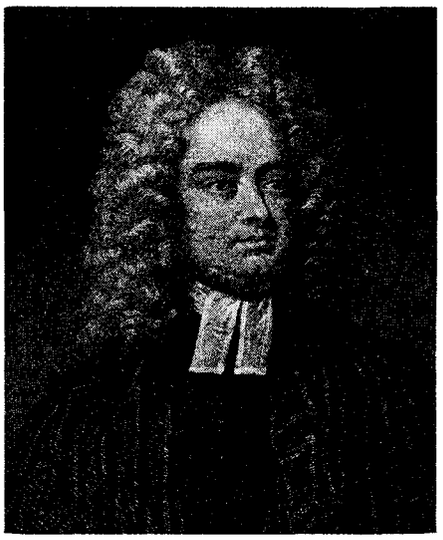
JONATHAN SWIFT: GIANT IN CHAINS. By Frank Stier Goodwin. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. 1940. 450 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER COWIE

MANY times in his career Swift found himself at a dead-end, whether political, ecclesiastical, or personal. Perhaps his life was "full of romance," as the preface of "Jonathan Swift, Giant in Chains" asserts, but it is doubtful how far it was "dramatic." His exits and his entrances were seldom brilliant, often unnoticed; and, although a powerful force, Swift seldom held the spotlight for long. But publishers and authors must be allowed an angle from which to work; and this book, like a lot of other recent books, has been done according to the special formula now fashionable. For the line of satirical biography started by Strachey has been running thin, and its place is being taken by the kindly, romantic biography. Debunking is over with. It is now vogue to *like* your subject—and not a bad thing for a change. Yet it is idle to inquire which is the better form; the question remains (as always): how good is the biographer? The unexciting fact about Mr. Goodwin's book is that it is neither the best nor the worst of its type, but a middling kind of book.

It is all right to like your subject, but it is hardly necessary to coddle him. Still less does the reader need to be catered to. In this book Swift (called "Jonathan" throughout) is seen in a great many trumped-up "dramatic" scenes—some trivial, some embarrassingly intimate—presented in a coaxing manner which suggests that of an anxious nurse or parent making up games in order to get a child to eat his porridge. The fallacy here lies in the premise that straight biographical fact is not interesting per se. Actually a lot of people like porridge. Moreover the most valuable part of Mr. Goodwin's book is that which lends itself least to naive theatricality — namely, Swift's fascinating role (whether off stage or on) in the extremely complicated maneuvering of Whig and Tory during the early years of the eighteenth century. Few modern students of Swift have gone into this period as fully as Mr. Goodwin.

Mr. Goodwin undertakes to tell the whole of Swift's life in one volume. It is a large order, and one should not complain if many matters must be telescoped. Moreover he sticks to scale better than most biographers. Yet



Jonathan Swift

there must be complaint of his scholarly procedure. It is part of the new credo that although the biographer must first of all entertain the customers, he should also strive to give his book the semblance of a genuine piece of research. Mr. Goodwin partly fails in the second article. He has consumed many books, but he has apparently not assimilated them sufficiently to transform them into the solid flesh and blood of literary history. Instead, he has powdered his book with scholarship in order to give it a presentable appearance. Thus there is a bibliography but a poor one, an index but an incomplete one. Annotation there is none. Scholars will squirm not only at the faked scenes but also at the fuzzy treatment accorded factual materials. Chronology gets so badly mixed that one finds "A Tale of a Tub" (1704) being "hailed" by Voltaire, then aged ten. A letter from Swift to Temple is quoted from an imperfect source though an accurate transcript was available. Defects of this sort would perhaps not be worth citing except for the publisher's assertion that the book "will take its place as the complete and definitive biography of Dean Swift"—an imprudent claim which can hardly serve the author. For, finally, this book does not quite succeed either as popular or as scholarly biography. It represents a kind of bifocal writing, common at present, which is likely to cause stumbling in an overambitious author.

Sinclair Lewis has abandoned for the moment his job as adviser to a class in writing at the University of Wisconsin, and has come to New York to help in the production of his new play, "Felicia Speaking." The play is sponsored by the famous German refugee director, Erwin Piscator.

Journal of a Voyage

THE WYNNE DIARIES. Edited by Anne Fremantle. Volume III, 1798-1820. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. 428 *pp., with index.* $6.

Reviewed by C. D. ABBOTT

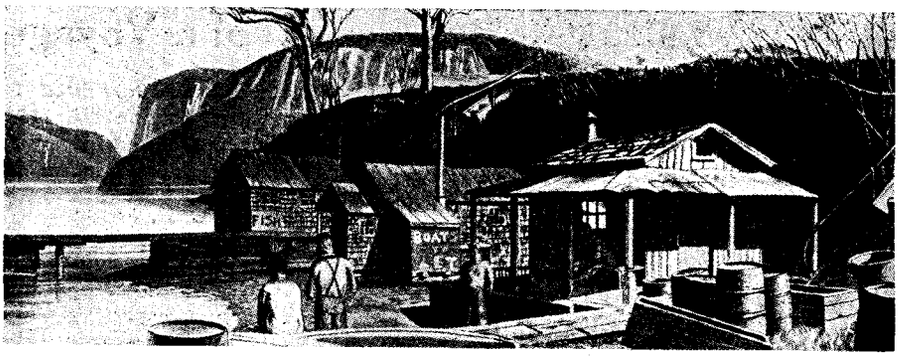
THE first and second volumes of these diaries appeared four and three years ago, respectively. The first was delightful because it was the naive recording of daily events by an observant little girl, orthographically and grammatically undeveloped. The Elizabeth Wynne of those days was an impressionable child, dragged with her sisters from one continental city to another by tirelessly peripatetic parents.

The only thing of permanence in her life was the journal which she never neglected and in which she quite often spoke her willful little mind. When revolutionary troubles began to disturb their wanderings, the Wynnes fled to Italy only to find that there too upheaval was imminent. Necessity forced them to return to England on board one of Nelson's men-of-war. The narrative of that voyage is the principal matter of the second volume, which is not only delightful but historically significant as well, since it pictures Nelson's fleet from a point of view always unorthodox and occasionally most revelatory. Elizabeth, now a young lady, but very nearly as impressionable as the child, falls in love with the captain of her ship and, with Nelson's and Lady Hamilton's blessings, decides to marry him, which she does.

This third and final volume is much less captivating than its predecessors. Elizabeth the matron, comfortably settled in Buckinghamshire, devotes herself to her sailor-husband's career, to the often frenetic affairs of her three sisters, and to the sons and daughters whom she produced with an urgency that ought to have interrupted her diary-entries but never did. At first her husband is at home much of the time, but, as the war grows more pressing, he is promoted to a better ship and participates honorably in the victories of Copenhagen and Trafalgar.

His own accounts of those battles and of his later policing of the Mediterranean are here printed by Mrs. Fremantle who includes also supplementary excerpts from the journals of Elizabeth's sisters. Editorial insight and dexterity have created out of this *mélange* of documents an interesting cross-section of Georgian life which the specialist will find valuable, but the lay reader will regret the disappearance of Elizabeth's innocent charm.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Hudson River Scene," from the painting by Stow Wengenroth for the jacket of "The Hudson."

The Empire State

NEW YORK. A Guide to the Empire State: American Guide Series. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. *782 pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by CARL CARMER

YORKERS will not be surprised to learn that the New York State guide in the American Guide Series prepared by the Works Project Administration is as good as they expected it to be. With native writers working on native material no one in the state dreamed of any other outcome. It is a big book and it is continuously interesting from Dixon Ryan Fox's delightful introductory essay on the "New York Countryside" to the last words of the index—"Zoar Valley."

Despite its size the editors of the book have obviously performed an excellent job of compression. To cover even sketchily a state so packed with event and lore seems a well-nigh impossible undertaking. Yet the book does give us the sentences necessary to suggest the background of almost every city and town and region in the state. It also gives us excellent photographs of old prints and paintings and of lovely scenes.

I might as well warn every Yorker who buys a copy, and there are bound to be many, that there will be some things about this book that are likely to exasperate him. If his favorite small town happens to be Dryden or Elba or Gilbertsville, he will find no mention of it here. If, as a lover of the Finger Lakes, he wishes to inform himself on the most generally known folk legends of the state — the contradictory explanations of that auditory phenomenon, the beat of an invisible drum, he will not find even a reference to it in the chapter on "Folklore." If his memories include the apple-fringed Ridge Road, as most memories of York State do, he will find no description of that great westward-leading highway as such. It is listed only as U. S. 104. "No description of the territory could claim completeness if it omitted mention of the Ridge Road," wrote Edward Hungerford in his admirable "Pathway of Empire," published in 1935. Have the intervening five years erased the words from memory? I would as soon have omitted the name of the Erie Canal.

As I have said, each one of us Yorkers is going to be a little irritated by this book here and there. But these irritations are little personal matters that we will take up with the writers of the guide when we see them. Our complaints ought to be good for many of this winter's conversations before the fire. One thing we are all agreed on so far as natives of other states are concerned. This is the best of the American Guide Series so far. And we don't look to see it bettered.

Carl Carmer, co-editor of the Farrar and Rinehart American Rivers Series, is the author of "The Hudson," and "Listen for A Lonesome Drum."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, in "The Three Musketeers," by Dumas.
2. Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia, in "King Lear," by Shakespeare.
3. Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, in "A Dutch Lullaby," by Eugene Field.
4. Shem, Ham, and Japheth, in "Genesis VI-IX."
5. Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, and Peep-Bo, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert.
6. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, in Greek Mythology.
7. Terence Mulvaney, John Learoyd, and Stanley Ortheris, in "Soldiers Three," by Rudyard Kipling.
8. Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee, otherwise known as Talbot Wynne, Sandy McAllister, and William Bagot, in "Trilby," by Du Maurier.
9. Gorging Jack, Guzzling Jimmy, and Little Billee, in "Little Billee," by Thackeray.
10. Letitia Carberry, Aggie Pilkington, and Lizzie Maitland, in "Tish," by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

The Old Line State

MARYLAND: A Guide to the Old Line State. By the WPA Writers' Project for the State of Maryland. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. *561 pp., with index and maps.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ISABELLA W. ATHEY

IT is difficult to say anything new about the American Guide Series, for it must be clear by now that it does a job which needed doing, and fills a blank space in our culture of which many people have been quite unaware. The Maryland volume like the others is arranged on classical guide-book lines, primarily to help visitors, but its contribution to "natives" is perhaps more important. Here, for example, Baltimoreans will find the inducement to look for the first time above the ground floors of houses whose Neo-Classical façades are, to art critics, famous types of their style. The whole chapter on Baltimore is entertaining and just, and will be appreciated by die-hards as well as those Baltimore-born who have moved away because their native city seems stuffy and provincial: "Outwardly an old city gone industrial, inwardly it is one of the last refuges of a way of living and a mode of thinking long since engulfed in commercialism almost everywhere else in the United States."

Although the Guide emphasizes that Maryland was predominantly colonized by British, it is curious to find a rich chorus of Indian place-names throughout. In contrast to the innumerable Windsors, Chesters, and Manchesters of New England, the tones of Matapeake, Nanticoke, Wicomico, and Accokeek form an exotic blend with the nostalgic aristocracy of Princess Anne, Prince Frederick, and Anne Arundel. This blending is characteristic of a state which includes the vulgarities of Route U. S. 1 scenery with primitive agricultural and fishing folkways. If in some parts of the Guide there appears a tendency to fine writing, it is the consequence of a justifiable attempt to convey the special atmosphere of each town and district. This represents an honest and respectable enthusiasm, and a form of "patriotism" which our super-Americans would do well to emulate.

Marylanders as well as strangers will find here the derivation of the name "Old Line State," which refers *not* to the Mason and Dixon Line, but to the Maryland "troops of the line" in the Revolutionary War who ranked high in the Continental Army. All readers will appreciate the excellent format, and the superiority of offset over half-tone in producing attractive illustrations.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life on the FTP

ARENA. By Hallie Flanagan. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 436 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

THIS was a story that had to be written, and we may rejoice that it was written by the person who knew much more about it than any one else. Mrs. Flanagan's account of the Federal Theatre Project, which she so ably directed, tells of a great achievement in American life and of a great loss. The achievement was particularly notable because it so far transcended the direct aim of the Project—which was simply to provide unemployed theatre people with jobs; and because it so greatly exceeded what those people might have been expected to do—which would have been to put on workmanlike but unexciting productions.

Who could have imagined that ten thousand unemployed would bring into existence tens of millions of theatre-goers? Who could have foreseen that out of a national crisis there would emerge what was really a true national theatre? Yet such things happened. The FTP became the salvation, everywhere, for people who had wanted to go to the theatre but had none to go to, or none to go to that could interest them, or none to go to that they could afford.

Everything else about the FTP seems to me secondary to this; but there was very much else about it that was both interesting and useful. Its returning 2660 people to private industry, for example. Or its ability, toward the end, to earn $2,000,000 a year and prove entirely self-supporting except for wages. Or its ability to flesh its social aims in such permanently significant forms as the Living Newspaper. Or its simultaneous production of the same play—and a stimulating play, "It Can't Happen Here"—in twenty-one cities. Or its power to inspire its own workers with faith: for those same actors who, at the start, were so ashamed of FTP that they begged to be kept off the billing, were inside a year or two clamoring to have their names listed on the billboards and on the program notes.

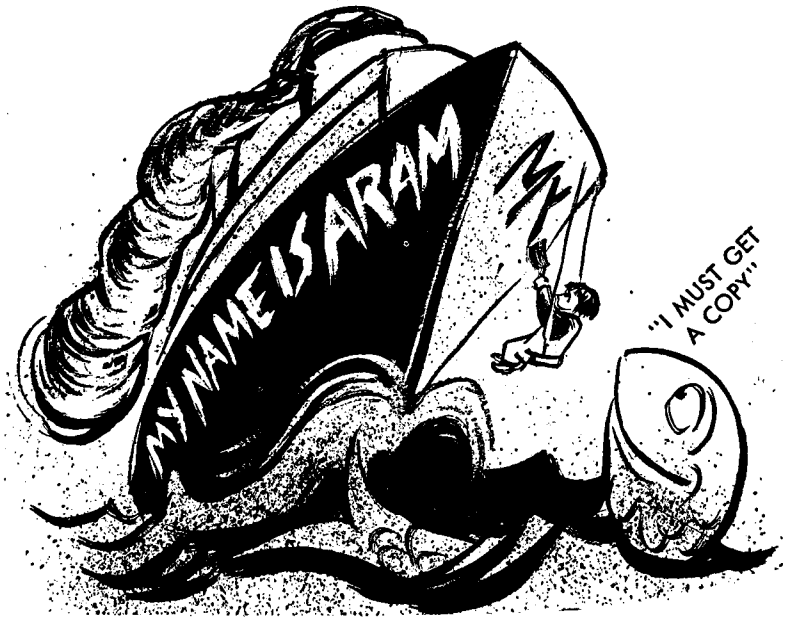
The whole record of production, in fact, is remarkably alive. There was plenty of unsatisfactory work done, to be sure. But America's social conscience was never more stirringly dramatized than in works such as "One-third of a Nation" or like "Power" and "Spirochete." Its sense of fun was never better served than in such a fandango as the Swing "Mikado." It produced a good children's theatre. It produced religious plays and Christmas pageants. It put life, and not always crudely, into the classics, whether Ibsen and Chekhov, or a vivid "Dr. Faustus" and a fantastic "Macbeth." And what was best about the Project's output is that it contained so many kinds of things, that it went in for the highbrow and the lowbrow alike, for the tamest sort of traditional play and the wildest sort of experiment. It had the true temper of the democracy it tried to serve.

Hallie Flanagan

That it should have been thrown into the discard at a time when its economic function was still so vital a one, and when its dramatic attainments were beginning to bulk really large, may seem inexplicable but can be easily explained. Mrs. Flanagan provides the explanation herself. The FTP had come to be associated by the anti-New Dealers in Congress with everything they detested in the New Deal. It seemed like wasteful spending; it seemed "radical"; it was too vocal a champion of labor and the working classes. And then, too, it was the theatre, and there is always something frivolous and suspect about the theatre. Chorus girls, for instance, lead very immoral lives. And there are always the stage-door Johnnies. . . .

So Congress put an end to the Project, with more despatch, it would seem, than discretion. For there was the Congressman who, after the deed was done, telephoned to Mrs. Flanagan and asked if he could talk with her about the Theatre Project in his state. When she informed him (I wish I could have heard her voice) that there was no Theatre Project, that he himself had helped vote it out of existence, there was a terrible silence at the other end of the wire. Finally, in appalled and incredulous tones, there came the words: "Was *that* the Federal Theatre?"

Louis Kronenberger, literary and play critic, is at present an editor of the New York newspaper, PM.



by WILLIAM SAROYAN

Illustrated by Don Freeman. Third printing, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALIVENESS AND LITERATURE

(*Continued from page 4*)

in the following passage (a profusely elaborate specimen of the Jacobean "late manner").

> I have never ceased to ask myself, in this particular loud, sound, normal, hearty presence, all so assertive and so whole, all bristling with prompt responses and expected opinions and usual views, radiating all a broad daylight equality of emphasis and impartiality of address (for most relations)—I never ceased, I say, to ask myself what lodgment, on such premises, the rich proud genius one adored could ever have contrived, what domestic commerce the subtlety that was its prime ornament and the world's wonder have enjoyed, under what shelter the obscurity that was its luckless drawback and the world's despair have flourished. The whole aspect and *allure* of the fresh sane man, illustrious and undistinguished—no "sensitive poor gentleman" he—was mystifying: they made the question of who then had written the immortal things such a puzzle!

While transcribing those inimitably tortuous virtuosities I found myself wondering whether Henry James, unbosoming himself in his "late manner," wasn't asking just a little too much of our attentiveness to his meanings and implications. I thought of the enchanting lucidity of his earlier style, and became more than ever convinced that simplicity and *directness of utterance* are inseparable from vigorous and effective writing. Henry James gradually got into the habit of talking to himself instead of to his audience. It was a miraculous performance, but too parenthetical to be overheard by anybody but his devoted admirers.

By *directness of utterance* I mean a full and living voice with something urgent to communicate. Simplicity follows, quite naturally, since one cannot be elaborately urgent without failing to be vigorously effective! Simplicity and directness are attended by all the virtues which go with good writing. But when a man sets to work to do otherwise, pretentiousness and preciosity lift their heads with long sickly smiles of satisfaction. Wilful obscurity throws dust in his eyes. And oblivion prepares for him a comprehensive abiding place on the dust heap of the damned and disregarded.

These remarks of mine have now reached a point where I ought to safeguard myself by appending a few obvious afterthoughts—such as "a writer's work remains alive when he has happened to be one of those people who excite our curiosity and speculation—Byron, for instance, or T. E. Lawrence." But that only brings me back to my supposition that the essential element needed is humanity. One might add that conservation of energy produces fruitful results (and that overproduction has been the doom of most authors ever since publishing became an overpopulated profession). But there, again, I am merely repeating my tentative theory that a man's best work is derived from his completely assimilated experience. In other words, a good book relies on living material from its author's endemic mental system. Anything fortuitously introduced from elsewhere can have no permanent roots. The writer becomes a reporter. It may be argued that genius imposes its vitality on whatever it happens to get hold of. But genius has the advantage of being able to select instinctively.

In conclusion I can only suggest that the most vital literature is a recreation of things remembered. A note-book in the pocket is often necessary; but memory, as someone said, is the mother of the muses—memory transfused by emotion into an essence of the writer's whole response to life.

From "Lions and Lambs," by Low and Lynx.
As Low sees John Galsworthy.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 353)

ROBERT BROWNING
MEN AND WOMEN

I say, faith is my waking life:
Accordingly, I use heart, head and hands
All day. . . . . .
And when night overtakes me, down I lie,
Sleep, dream a little, and get done with it.
. . . . . to begin afresh.
What's midnight doubt before the dayspring's faith?

(Bishop Blougram's Apology)

Everybody's Business

***MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE.** Lucy Sprague Mitchell, Eleanor Bowman, and Mary Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 335 pp., with index. $3.50.*

Reviewed by PAUL B. SEARS

MOST of the drive behind the conservation movement comes from individuals and groups interested in a particular resource. General conservation, being everybody's business, becomes nobody's. Yet there is no such thing as conserving resources piecemeal. You cannot, for example, do anything about water unless you mind the soil. You cannot conserve farmland if the discovery of oil serves as license to upset the whole economic life of a great agricultural state. And reckless development of oil may ruin surface waters or damage the watertable, bringing us back to water with which we started.

It follows, then, that conservation is not merely a technique or formula, but a problem in human living and values, touching almost everything we do. Its proponents, therefore, must not only tell us what has happened, and what must be done about this, but must stir us to action. The present book is an attempt to inform and also to make the reader feel that it is his show. In this it succeeds remarkably. The book is both rich and authentic. It is rich in imagination, good writing, facts, figures, sympathy, and constructive suggestions. It is authentic, not merely in a library sense, but concretely. For the authors have seen at firsthand the things they talk about.

Wisely they have addressed themselves to the three most crucial problems—soil, coal, and oil. Soil rightly understood comprehends vegetation and water, while coal and oil furnish the present motive power for industrial civilization. In each instance, the pattern of our behavior in relation to the resource is first opened up, then the consequence of that behavior. Finally the scientific verities involved are made plain and definite lessons drawn. Such is the plan of each of the three major sections.

Each section is followed by interpretation in effective verse. Pictures are abundant, and the collection of diagrams gives one of the best bird's-eye views of the American scene that is to be found anywhere in such brief space. The actual discussion is clear and factual. Names are named, and shots are called, whether the topic is public lands, bootleg coal, or hot oil.

Paul B. Sears is author of "Deserts on the March."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Baiting Business

WITCH HUNT: The Technique and Profits of Redbaiting. By George Seldes. New York: Modern Age Books. 1940. 300 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD H. ROVERE

GEORGE SELDES'S books seem to be made out of old newspaper clippings, a League of American Writers viewpoint, and the memory of a past in the service of the commercial press, which he despises. As studies of contemporary horrors, they are neither original nor profound, but they have the virtue of a well-kept scrapbook. Perhaps two-thirds of this new book is in quotation marks, and much of the rest should be: this reviewer found a whole paragraph sketchily rewritten from one in an article of his, with parts lifted verbatim and uncredited.

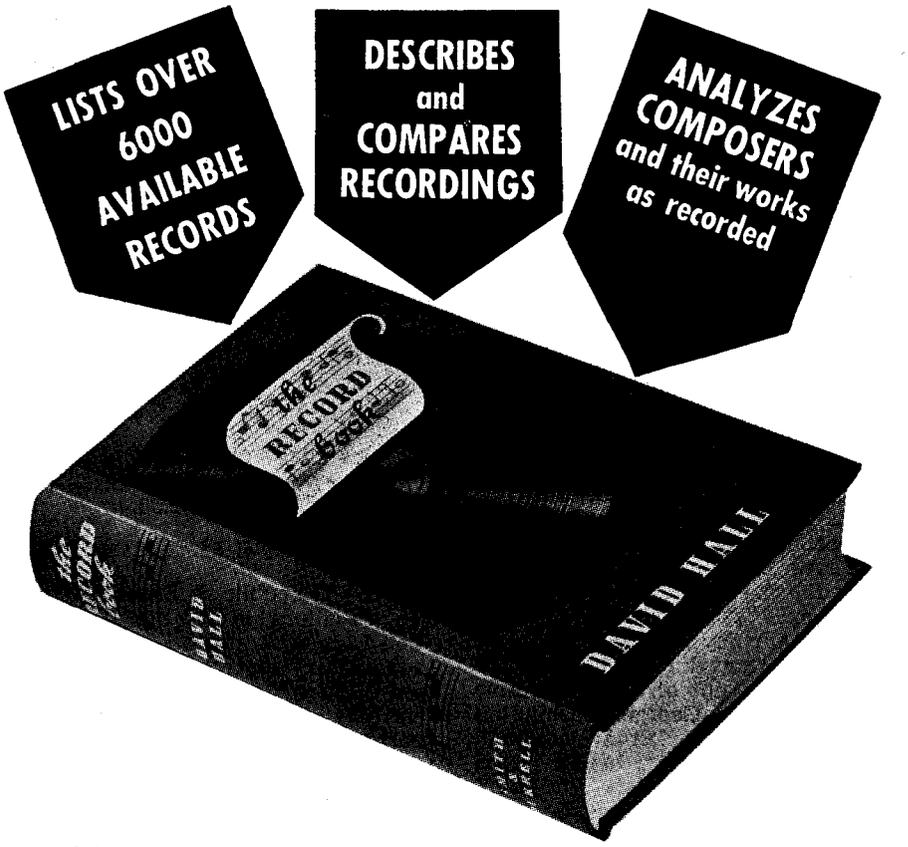
Nevertheless, Mr. Seldes does bring together some interesting material, and many of us can agree with him most of the time. This olio is on Redbaiting or, as the Institute for Propaganda Analysis would describe it, Name Calling. By Redbaiting, Mr. Seldes does not mean the baiting of actual Reds, but rather the smearing of people who are not Reds at all.

Mr. Seldes seeks to prove that Redbaiting, sometimes a weapon of big business, has become a fairly sizeable industry in itself. There are special agencies that are equipped to label the most innocent Poetry Club as Red. During the past few years, a great swarm of former radicals and scholarly patrioteers have crept out of the woodwork to tell what they learned at the prevailing rates. Trade unions and cultural organizations have been broken up merely by daubing them with the dread scarlet at the right time, and in this there is always a profit, financial or political, that can be pretty accurately estimated.

Mr. Seldes has refrained from discussing the real Communist question, and one would never dream from his book that the Stalinists have anything to do with affairs outside their own small group. For those who wish to judge on merit rather than label, however, this is a serious and relevant question. Last winter George Seldes wrote a runing apology for the bombing of Helsinki in the *New Masses*. He attempted to show that the press exaggerated and seemed to imply that calling a Russian bomb a bomb is Redbaiting. That the press frequently went beyond the facts and often tried to drop Stalin's bombs on American radicals was surely true and reprehensible, but not the whole truth. Neither is it true that Communists control no trade unions nor outside political groups. Pointing this out fairly is not necessarily an act of Redbaiting, any more than it is taking advantage of a minority without the usual avenues of reply. Often it is a necessary democratic duty.

JUST OUT

The big more-for-your-money book for everyone who buys and uses records


LISTS OVER 6000 AVAILABLE RECORDS
DESCRIBES and COMPARES RECORDINGS
ANALYZES COMPOSERS and their works as recorded
THE RECORD Book
DAVID HALL

THIS book does the work of three. It lists all the best recordings of every kind of music . . . describes the records right down to catalog number and price . . . evaluates performance and quality of manufacture so that you can tell which records will be "best buys" for you. 771 pages of specific, detailed information ingeniously arranged for instant reference! Impartial analysis of the recorded compositions of more than 350 composers guides you in making your selection. Records are an investment in musical enjoyment. THE RECORD BOOK will help you invest wisely, without wasting time and money. An ideal gift for every music lover.

THE RECORD BOOK *By DAVID HALL*

771 pages, index, $3.50, at all book & music stores

SD SMITH & DURRELL, Inc., 420 MADISON AVE., N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Their Ancestors Were Asses

CAPITAN: THE STORY OF AN ARMY MULE. By Lucy Herndon Crockett. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1940. 354 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE history of the mule in America is older than the history of what is called the United States and probably little less ancient in the history of the United States than the history of the horse, though there is no doubt that the first importation of "horse animals" to the Colonies were horses. However, the *equus mulus* in this country has blood as blue as any *equus* around the place; asses are the ancestors—usually, fathers—of mules, and horses get little notice in Holy Scripture and ancient classics as compared with the animal that the founder of the Christian church rode into Jerusalem.

The eulogy to the horse in Holy Scripture is evidently concerned with the ass for it says, "Thou laughest in the battle, Haw! Haw!" which no horse ever does; the execution of this cry by the jackass has won it the favorable epithet of "Missouri Canary" in these later days.

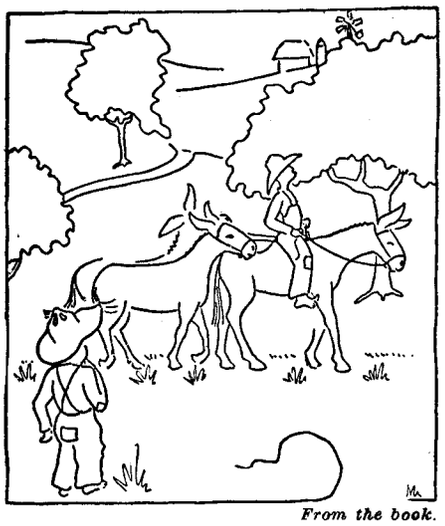
Shortly after the Revolution the King of Spain, out of sheer objective admiration, sent George Washington a noble jackass which Washington, that excellent patriot, breeder, and military man immediately advertised at service, so that there must be many a mule in the American Army related —one wouldn't say by blood, but related—to the King of Spain.

Miss Crockett, the daughter of a Colonel, has written a sympathetic, appreciative, and most informative pseudo-autobiography of a mule who served in every American military campaign from Cuba to France, a brave, patient, and faithful soldier, and an invaluable and probably irreplaceable soldier.

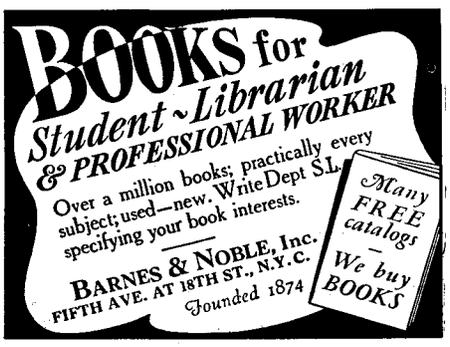
Capitan hauls things under all kinds of conditions of danger and hardship, at San Juan Hill—where he notices an officer with round glasses and teeth that seem to be almost as big as a mule's—in the Philippine campaigns, up in China against the Boxers—the Germans insisted on using the middle of the street except, as Capitan's driver chuckles, when a four span of Missouri mules is usin' it—in Mexico, France, and with the Army of Occupation.

His most dangerous moment comes back in pasture at an Army post where a cranky officer decides that this scarred and aged veteran isn't worth the taxpayers' hay he eats, though Capitan has been honored by the fellow called "Black Jack" himself. Capitan survives.

The book is written for the 'teens, of course, but since it is by turns moving, humorous, soundly philosophic, and always interesting and graphic, a good many older readers might learn something from mules, as men have done ever since the time of a great mule ancestor owned by Mr. Balaam.



From the book.


BOOKS for
Student ~ Librarian
& PROFESSIONAL WORKER
Over a million books; practically every subject; used—new. Write Dept S.L. specifying your book interests.
BARNES & NOBLE, Inc.
FIFTH AVE. AT 18TH ST., N.Y.C.
Founded 1874
Many FREE catalogs
We buy BOOKS

Successful Bandit

THE CABALLERO. By Harold Courlander. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 443 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

IN the "Republic of San Sebastian" a "caballero" is still literally a man on horseback, one whose handsome saddle, shiny leather boots, and pride in a diluting trickle of Spanish blood sets him off from the coffee colored peasants who cut the cane and harvest the coffee and tobacco which are the republic's exports. A caballero does not work, though he may be obliged to accept an overseer's position on a plantation or even to take to the hills as a bandit, but his proper vocations are owning land and serving in the army, and his final ambition is to be a big *politico,* and exploit not just those of his countrymen who must work on one plantation, but all of them. How one "Sebastiano," driven by a sense of inferiority and spurred by the family tradition that there was aristocratic white blood in his veins, rose through banditry from a trouserless proletarian childhood to acceptance as a genuine "caballero" and finally to the presidency of his country is the subject of this satirical novel of Latin American politics.

Parts of it are excellent. "San Sebastian," sharing a part of a large Caribbean island with the French speaking Negro republic of M'bassa is a transparent disguise for the Dominican Republic, and the author appears to have at least an observant tourist's knowledge of his scene, and some sense of the dark history of the island. The glimpses he affords us of the Dominican peasants and fishermen at work, of the migratory Haytian laborers laughing and singing in the canefields or dancing at night to the beat of drums in the wild hills seem vivid and authentic. As a satire on Dominican politics and society, "Caballero" does not come off so well. It is easy enough to laugh at the corruption of Latin American politics—other people's political troubles are usually funny—and not hard, though perhaps legitimate, to make savage sport with fascist delusions of grandeur and theories of racial superiority when applied to a small island of such mixed population as Santo Domingo's. The trouble is, as it so often is in serious satire, with the characters. Mr. Courlander's *politicos* and plantation owners are all simple compounds of lust, greed, fear, and cruelty, pompous and vicious, without a shadow of honor, or principle, or right feeling; his peasants and fishermen are all persons of the most admirable simplicity and virtue, charmingly naive, warm hearted, charitable, incorruptible. Sentimentality and satire mix badly. One doubts that Dominican peasants habitually talk about the dignity of labor, the brotherhood and comradeship of toil, the restorative virtues of the land (which is for all and can belong to none), or that their moral standards are always so much more exquisite than those of the wealthier classes. One may even doubt that a person like the hero of this novel could rise so easily to be president of any republic; perhaps being a notorious scoundrel would not hinder him, but he'd have to have some other qualities. From Mr. Courlander's portrait one cannot understand how his "caballero" came to be even a successful bandit.

Unsolicited first novels do sometimes, though not often, get published. Mari Tomasi sent the manuscript of "Deep Grow the Roots" in a package through the regular mail, without benefit of agent. Miss Tomasi was born in Montpelier, Vermont, daughter of an Italian from Turin. She was on the Vermont Writers Project for two years. Nor did David H. Keller, fifty-nine year old author of "The Devil and the Doctor" have the services of an agent or a friend of a friend; his novel is actually the first completely unsolicited book ever published by Simon & Schuster.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beneath the War

NOT BY ARMS ALONE: Essays on Our Time. By Hans Kohn. Harvard University Press. 1940. 156 *pp., with index.* $1.75.

Reviewed by PAUL BIRDSALL

THIS collection of essays is the third contribution of Prof. Kohn to the interpretation of the present age; it is a continuation of his earlier books, "Force or Reason" and "Revolutions and Dictatorships." Like them, it provides an analysis of the fundamental conflict between the totalitarian and the democratic philosophy; but the latest book is testimony to the increasingly crucial character of the struggle. It begins with a profound and challenging exposition of the "Totalitarian Philosophy of War," and concludes with an appeal to the democratic people of the United States to prepare themselves for the struggle and the organized effort to preserve freedom from extinction.

These essays are much more than a tract for the times. They are the distillation of a scholarship both broad and deep, the unique product of a mind steeped in the cultural tradition of Europe, invigorated by the stimulus of the new world with its hope and its vitality. The style carries its burden of scholarship with lightness and ease and the book is enormously readable, "popular" in the best sense of the term. The essays which deal particularly with the cultural heritage of western Europe and with the human values associated with democracy are written with charm and grace and with eloquence.

The collection is miscellaneous, both as to topic and treatment, linked by common concern with the fundamentals of the *Kulturkampf* in the modern age. The most original and incisive contribution is the introductory essay on the "Totalitarian Philosophy of War," which might also have been called the "Totalitarian Philosophy of Life," or, more simply, the "Totalitarian Philosophy," since Prof. Kohn establishes the identity of life and war in the Nazi ideology. He reveals the spurious character of Totalitarian "socialism" as the collectivism of the barracks. At the same time he emphasizes the world revolutionary character of Nazism and Fascism ". . . an absolute revolution against western civilization, against Anglo-Saxon liberalism and against the achievements and consequences of the French Revolution." No one can read this chapter without accepting Prof. Kohn's thesis which appears throughout the remaining essays that there can be no accommodation, no compromise with such a philosophy. He is both historian and prophet when he says: "A Fascist victory does not mean the imposition of a 'dictated' peace, but the complete annihilation of the enemy nation and new forms of personal slavery for the defeated, as in ancient times." This essay was written before publication of Nazi Minister Darré's speech advocating the enslavement of conquered people.

The emphasis of the remaining essays is on the cultural values of the democratic and the western European tradition. There are two essays on Central Europe, one nostalgic and wistful on the "Legacy of the Hapsburgs," the other a charming essay on Professor Palacky and the Czech democratic tradition. These cultural patterns are projected on a larger scale in "Coalesce or Collide," with the broad division of the world into the "rational and liberal pattern of coöperation and the irrational pattern" of isolationism. The concluding essay, "Education for the Coming Era," presents Demosthenes in the role of Cassandra, vainly warning the Athenians against Philip of Macedon as Professor Kohn warns Americans against Hitler. There is every reason to hope that Professor Kohn will succeed where Demosthenes failed.

Beyond the War

MOSCOW 1979. By Erik and Christiane von Kuehnelt-Liddihn. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1940. 337 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LIDDIHN, who is the principal author of this book, sojourned briefly in the Soviet Union in the early 1930's. The memory haunted him for years thereafter and he has now exorcised it in this curious volume: a highly imaginative vision of Russia in 1979, when the logic of its current attitudes shall have worked itself out.

Being a devout Catholic, what disturbed the author most about the piled-up unpleasantness in an oppressed and undernourished Russia was its godlessness. To judge from the book, he was only mildly offended, if at all, by the economic innovations; aware of the political terrorism but not especially shocked by it; but completely horrified by what seemed to him a renunciation of all spiritual values. "Moscow 1979" is a fanciful, even fantastic, projection of what Soviet materialism, given its head, might lead a country to in forty years. The technique is the familiar one of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, but unfortunately the illusion of reality is not achieved. It would have been a more impressive and convincing piece of work if it had been frankly a religious

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE GOLDEN DRESS *Ione Montgomery* (Crime Club: $2.)	Will of deceased tyrant contributing cause of double murder in high strung midwestern family, whose loyal lawyer supervises sleuthing.	Sins of fathers—also those of offspring—get thorough airing in sultry, speedily-moving, and well-plotted story.	Tempestuous
MR. SOUTH BURNED HIS MOUTH *Gentry Nyland* (Morrow: $2.)	Slightly unprincipled but clever and fearless Manhattan private dick goes out for easy money job and encounters some messy murders.	First half of yarn is just another toughie. Story crisps in final section and uncorks some startling surprises and stirring action.	Good
THE GRAVEYARD NEVER CLOSES *Frederick C. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.)	Cy Hatch inherits small-town newspaper, large libel suit, murder, and other embarrassments. He and Danny Delevan surmount all gracefully.	"Quiet, uneventful" Delaware valley countryside chronicle pops with action, bucolic humor, colorful villainy and customarily acute Hatch detecting.	Very good

It's as easy as this!

At New York's Grand Central Terminal just toss your bag to a porter and say "Hotel Roosevelt"... He'll escort you through our private passageway, direct to the Roosevelt lobby... Time-saving convenience and complete comfort... Satisfying meals... Restful rooms, $4.00 up.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*

MADISON AVENUE AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tract; but it is cast in the form of a novel in which the characters and the story never quite come alive.

By 1979, according to this book, a much-enlarged Soviet country has all but stamped out the memory of God. Family life has disappeared. Children are conceived in literal darkness in the great state brothels and the offspring grow up knowing no parent but the state. Their "terrible ignorance of an immortal soul" is stamped on the population. Death is not even mentioned, its place having been taken by "utilization"—the bodies being utilized for commercial purposes. The earthly paradise reserved for the worthy is called Leninsk but actually is a name only; it doesn't exist and is a sort of symbol of Satanism, "the terrible Nothingness." Into this incredible—and on the whole rather absurd—world comes an American Catholic, concealing the burning secret of his religious mission. He rises to power in the Soviet hierarchy and to secret eminence in the Catholic Church hierarchy. The spiritual struggles of this American-Russian, his efforts to bring the awareness of God to a few people close to him, and the political skullduggery to which he is a witness make the materials of the novel, if it is a novel. Among the ingredients of the story are an impending destruction of our planet by the swish of a poisonous tail to a comet, divers remarkable pseudo-scientific gadgets, political purges that make Stalin's accomplishments look like nothing, and an extension of the authority of the Church (with headquarters in San Francisco and a Filipino as Pope) scarcely indicated forty years before the book's epoch.

Conceding that it is all wild fantasy, the reader who knows something about present-day Russia yet gropes for some logical relation between the reality of 1940 and the projection to 1979. But there isn't any. The authors have isolated one element in the Soviet picture, and have, it seems to this reviewer, misunderstood even that. They have failed to grasp that though it talks the language of materialism, Bolshevik Russia has a mysticism of its own, already tending to congeal into a sort of revealed Leninist faith.

Eugene Lyons is the editor of the American Mercury.

Martin Flavin published his first novel, "Mr. Littlejohn," at the age of fifty-seven. He was a successful business executive until his first play was produced on Broadway when he was forty. Three years later he gave up business and became famous as the author of "The Criminal Code," "Broken Dishes," and other plays. The other day he had fun in a bookshop when a clerk, unaware of his identity, enthusiastically recommended "Mr. Littlejohn." Mr. Flavin confided that he had read the book and agreed that it was excellent. Publishing a novel, he says, is not exciting like a first night, "but on the other hand they can't fold it up in three weeks."

THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

STEPS OF THE SUN. By Emily Hahn. Dial Press. 1940. 313 *pp.* $2.50.

In Miss Hahn's tale of modern Shanghai the element of geography itself plays a strong role. Placed, for example, in America, this triangle of a man, his wife, and his mistress, would have resolved itself into one form or another of a struggle for independence. The man would fight to keep one or the other of the women, or to keep both separately. Or the women would struggle for exclusive possession. But in China the triangle takes on unwonted significance, as we pass from western to eastern love patterns. Here the struggle of Yuin-Loong is to possess both of his women together and by common consent, a struggle made more difficult by the fact that one of them is an American girl. Mei-feng, his wife, asks only the position of Number One wife, and we are asked to understand how Dorothy Pilgrim falls at last, out of love and weariness, into acquiescence to the Number Two role. We may understand it only by accepting all of Miss Hahn's premises, one of which is that although Yuin-Loong's customs and mental sets are unalterably and racially his own, those of Dorothy are easily altered to meet the circumstances. This is hard to see. But if we will accept it, we have then a very subtle and ingratiating tale, notable everywhere for its sensitive perceptions. Miss Hahn takes the time to present the Chinese society in Shanghai in its own terms and values; somehow it is the Americans among them who seem strange. It is this inversion of the equation which defines the novel's special quality, its strength and weakness both.

N. L. R.

WINGED CITADEL. By Kristmann Gudmundsson. Holt. 1940. 409 *pp.* $2.75.

This novel, a translation from the Norwegian, is a romance of the golden age of Crete, of that mighty, shadowy civilization which left to the Greeks memories of the labyrinth and the minotaur, and to us paintings of wasp-waisted athletes vaulting over bulls, and bare-breasted, full-skirted goddesses holding snakes. The author has portrayed the Cretan empire at the moment when it was about to fall before the invasion of the harsh, barbarian Achaeans, showing it to us through the eyes of a boy from Macedonia, to whom its marvels are as strange as to us. He is kindly received by the friendly Cretans, shows a talent for the sacred, symbolic sport of bull-vaulting that was the principal qualification for the priesthood, and finds that he may even aspire to the princess whose hand, since Crete is a matriarchy, will make her husband a king. The hero is well chosen for showing us the pageant of Minoan life; not so well chosen otherwise, since he is vaguely introspective to the point of tediousness, and in spite of the fact that he is consistently fortunate, especially in numerous amorous encounters, he is given to a causeless melancholy. The book will be read, however, not for its story, which is often static, but for its reconstruction of the time. The author's emotional attitude to his Cretans is curiously ambivalent; sometimes he seems to regard them as destined to destruction because they were too kindly for a cruel world, sometimes he seems to think of them as decadents who deserved their fall. But he has evidently studied all that is known upon the subject of ancient Crete, and has supplemented the facts with a vivid imagination—though occasionally one wishes there were some way of knowing whether a given detail is historic. It seems hardly possible, for instance, that he can know for a fact that the bulls were tame, as Mr. Gudmundsson says they were; and yet if this is not true there seems no reason to have invented it, for it destroys a great deal of possible excitement. On the whole, though, whether drawn from fact or fancy, the book gives a many-colored picture of a fascinating society.

B. D.

PREACHER ON HORSEBACK. By Cecile Hulse Matschat. Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 429 *pp.* $2.75.

THE title of this novel may be somewhat misleading, for just recently we have been deluged with books about pioneer doctors, schoolteachers, etc., but "Preacher on Horseback" is fresh and original as well as fashionable. The author relates in novelized form the exciting adventures of her mother-in-law, a well-to-do Long Islander who married an impoverished circuit rider and bravely and willingly shared with him disappointments and privations in a narrow-minded community in the Mohock Valley, and later discomforts and assorted dangers in the lumber country of Michigan. The many incidents and such details as colloquial phrases and bits of old ballads the author acquired directly from her husband's family. The background is depicted with the satisfying thoroughness we have come to expect from the whole new school of American historical novelists now busily—and commendably—at work.

Like the best of these novels of the American past "Preacher on Horseback" is not a period piece but an appealing story of men and women whose lives are outwardly modified by time and place, but who would most probably be what they are inside wherever and whenever they lived. Janos and Rica (the preacher and his wife) are

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stout-hearted and unselfish, and so are many a husband and wife in bombed Lambeth and Mayfair today; we have our wolves and rattlesnakes under control, but courage and alertness we still need as much as did our grandparents. "Preacher on Horseback" not only adds its bit to the enormous but always incomplete portrait of America but also provides a convincing study of human character under strain and of involved human relationships.

The events of "Preacher on Horseback" occur after the Civil War in far less primitive country. The dominie is in reality no man of the cloth—he is a physician, a musician, a potential Lothario, a pugnacious extrovert. Professional religion is scarce in the book. But what Janos lacks in religion is amply compensated for in genuine, uncalculated goodness; he is a lovable as well as an interesting hero.

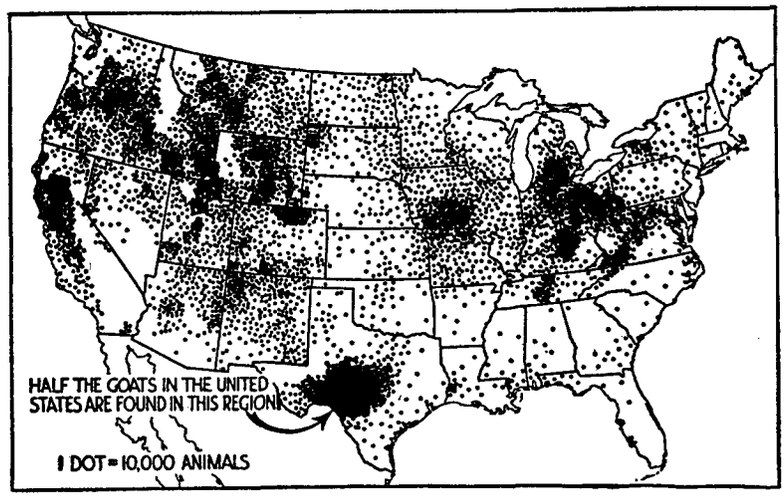
Miscellaneous

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MATHEMATICAL WORKS PRINTED IN AMERICA THROUGH 1850. By Louis C. Karpinski. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press. 1940. $6.

If the reader has a notion that our ancestors read only theological works, he needs but to look at this thick quarto volume of seven hundred pages to realize that mathematical treatises formed a very considerable portion of the printer's output, at least up to 1850. Three thousand titles are listed, beginning with the "Sumario Compendioso" of Juan Diaz Freyle printed in Mexico City in 1536. Books in Spanish, French, Dutch, German, Hawaiian, and Choctaw appear, and the author points out that notable textbooks in mathematics were produced in Peru, Guatemala, Mexico, and the Philippines before they appeared in the English speaking colonies. The first of the books in English was printed by B. Green in Boston in 1703—John Hill's "Young Secretary's Guide."

The arrangement is chronological, and subsequent editions are listed in smaller type, following the first. This results in some confusion where slight changes in title took place, but is probably better than giving them a separate listing in the main chronology. General and topical indexes are included, as well as a full index of printers and publishers by states and towns.

One excellent feature of the book is the reproduction by line engravings of over half of the titles listed. This is becoming a bibliographical practice of very great value, since it gives a more accurate picture of the title page than any typographical contortions in the text can possibly do. We must take mild exception to the author's statement that this scheme "introduces a new method" in bibliographical practice. We thought that it was new when we employed it in Sale's "Samuel Richardson" in 1936—only to learn that Henry Stevens of Vermont had suggested the same idea (applied to li-



SHEEP AND GOATS IN THE UNITED STATES

Sheep & Goats: *A Reverie by Hircus Quercus*

This is not a Mercator's Projection of Saturday Review subscribers, but a map of *Sheep and Goats in the United States,* which I found in *Living Geography, Book II,* an excellent schoolbook published by Macmillan.

I don't quite know (mused poor old unaccountable Hircus Quercus) just why my fancy is so tickled by this ovine-hircine chart. (Am *I* the Goat?) Is it the apparent concentration of capricorns in the regions of the Texas oil-wells, the Ford factory, the savannahs of Hollywood? It seems surprising to find no goats marked near Nethermost Manhattan. A map of our own subscribers would be much more evenly sprinkled with minuscule confettoes, each representing a S. R. (Satisfied Reader.) One of our fiscal mermaids made up a poem:

With little specks
Of either sex
Our Distribution Map is breeding
The better sort
Who will support
S. R., viz. Satisfying Reading
These cheerful motes
Aren't sheep or goats
But literary nervous tissue,
*The abonnés**
Who count the days
Until the magazine's next issue.

* $4.00 per annum.

I saw an advertisement in *Fortune* (Old H. Quercus resumed) which said that the Over-$5,000-a-Year Families are the real roquefort because they "replace their radios 50% faster; use 80% more Grade A coffee, and 30% more antiseptics and mouth washes." That's all very well, but Grade A Ideas are even more important than coffee and mouth wash. S. R. Families, whatever their income, use 30% more mind washes; they occasionally replace Old Ideas with new notions; they even replace books.

Only by intelligent thought, and the communication of same, will the nations get themselves out of their present pickle. A lot of Old Ideas are going to be replaced. Books are units of communication. They can stave in the tight little keg of the mind with Deplorable Facts, and with fiery imaginations.

But what was I getting at? (Old Hircus-Quercus girt himself together.) I want to speckle that map with a few more punctuations of literature, in the blank spaces where there aren't just sheep and goats. A few more introverts who believe a magazine like this has its function and destiny. It can only be done by Word-of-Thought. If, for instance—

HIRCUS-QUERCUS, ESQ., SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Dear Sir:—Your fantastic prolegomena to a Larger Circulation instigate me strongly. The world is having the shakes; and I and my friends turn more and more to reading. On a separate sheet of paper I send you the names—addresses of several who once indoctrinated with your endocrine, may well succumb. Send them a specimen copy, and cry *Tally-ho! Up Tails All!*

Incidentally, I may as well renew my own subscription. No one can (or wants to) keep up with the whole output of books. But the S. R. is my willow-twig, my dowsing rod. With it in hand I learn where there is water, or even gold, beneath the barren surface of life. Yours,

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brary cards) in the '60's of the last century! But it is an excellent idea, and deserves to be widely adopted.

Present location of copies in some hundred or so libraries is indicated, adding much to the usefulness of the book. Indeed almost all of the possible aids are included in this well planned volume. C. P. R.

International

BEHIND THE NAZI FRONT. By John McCutcheon Raleigh. Dodd, Mead. 1940. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Most people who knew pre-war Germany have probably often wondered just what the Reich looks like after the outbreak of hostilities. How did the Germans really react to the news that they were at war? How did Germans behave during the first air raid? How did German morale stand up in in face of a cold winter, a fuel shortage, meagre rations, bombardment from the air, and the prospects of a long struggle? What did the common man think about the war? These and many other questions have undoubtedly come into the minds of all who knew the Reich before Hitler's attack on Poland started.

John McCutcheon Raleigh sets out to answer these questions in "Behind the Nazi Front," a fast-moving, vivid, and clearly-written account of life inside warring Germany. The author has not attempted to produce a profound book; he leaves it to others to discuss the motivations and deeper meanings of the war. What he set out to do, and did very well, was to describe his personal reactions to the dramatic and kaleidoscopic train of events set in motion by the Fuehrer's order to the German army to march across Poland's frontier.

As a member of the *Chicago Tribune* staff in Berlin, Mr. Raleigh observed life in the German capital, followed the invading Nazi army into Poland, met the Fuehrer in Warsaw, and was one of the first foreign correspondents to arrive in Munich after the sensational explosion in the Bürgerbräukeller. On that occasion he ran afoul of the Gestapo.

Throughout the book the reader is impressed with the difficulties and hardships under which foreign correspondents often work in war-time, especially in Nazi Germany. It is hardly the kind of a book a man would write if he hoped to remain in the Reich. But Mr. Raleigh had no intention of staying there. He saw the opening scenes of the drama, then moved on to another spectacle. His foreword, dated August, 1940, was written from Shanghai. H. C. W.

Miscellaneous

OUR TREMBLING EARTH. By Joseph Lynch, S. J. Dodd, Mead. 1940. 175 *pp. Appendices, charts, illustrations.* $3.

It is a rare scientist who is not only an authority in his own field but can also teach well (or popularize, which should be the same thing) and write so that the layman will understand. The Rev. Joseph Lynch, S. J.—director of the Fordham University seismograph station—shows this unusual combination of talents, in "Our Trembling Earth," an informative story of earthquakes and the men who study the earth's restless interior.

The author tells, in simple language, how scientists find the direction quakes come from by using three seismographs, each constructed to detect vibrations in a different plane and how they calculate the distance of the disturbance from the recording station. He also describes sudden shiftings of the crust, the secondary causes of earthquakes, and presents what little is known about primary causes—that is, the unpredictable heat and temperature conditions that make the good earth tremble in the first place.

In answer to the often disturbing question: What of it? the Jesuit scientist offers at least one effective point. Before the use of the seismograph to record man-made tremors from dynamite blasts in 1924 as an aid in detecting oil supplies, an average of one new deposit was found a year.

Father Lynch's deep enthusiasm for the mysteries of "our trembling earth" is evidenced by his words upon first using a new instrument that magnifies earth tremors 100,000 times: "This is our Giant of Palomar (California's 200-inch supertelescope) . . . The astronomer . . . with his telescope is thrilled by what he sees aloft, we with our seismograph are thrilled by what we see below." The scientist is absorbed in the stylus-recorded vibrations that pass continually through the earth.

An increasing public interest for scientific books and recollections of the recent Rumanian earthquake will attract many readers to this story of earthquakes. J. P.

CHINA'S ANIMAL FRONTIER. By Clifford H. Pope. Viking. 1940. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

Despite its enigmatic title, this is an exceptionally interesting travel and semi-scientific book. Advertised as a volume for young naturalists and would-be explorers, it has a great deal to hold the grown-up armchair traveler. Clifford Pope went to China at the age of twenty-one to join the Central Asiatic Expedition headed by Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews. Apparently he never reached Central Asia. Instead, he spent three years in China Proper, visiting dozens of out-of-the-way localities and collecting animals of all sorts, often entirely on his own and living in native style. "China's Animal Frontiers" is a simple, unpretentious retelling of some of his experiences in the field. Pope has done a remarkable job of capturing the feel of travel in inland China; just as good is his description of the complicated human relationships involved in any "foreign" enterprise in Cathay. S. L.

Records in Review

Edward Tatnall Canby

THE American orchestral scene is dominated by three incredible *Maestri*—Koussevitsky, Stokowski, and Toscanini—who represent in essence the tradition of the artistic virtuoso. These gentlemen find it profitable to set themselves apart as not-so-minor deities. They surround themselves in no half-hearted manner with all the multifarious trappings of deities and of dictators, create for themselves elaborate and subtly eccentric "stage personalities," aided by all the resources of modern publicity.

Yet how many members of their immense audience can be said to appreciate their true musical virtues? (For let it be said at once that from the most rigid professional viewpoint the *Maestri* are the world's greatest conductors in their own best fields.) How many could with certainty distinguish a recording by Toscanini from one by a lesser conductor? How many —especially in the radio audience— are concerned with *what* is played, so long as the *Maestro* presides? Surely this whole amazing situation reflects the enthusiastic ignorance of our art-starved millions, who, in their haste, swallow the repast plate and all, gulping music, pageantry, showmanship, personal exhibitionism quite uncritically with never a thought to the esthetic nightmare inherent in the mess. . . .

★ ★

Two recent recordings illustrate characteristic faults and virtues of the *Maestro* tradition. Toscanini's recording of Beethoven's Violin Concerto with Heifetz and the NBC Orchestra (VM-705; $5.50) is one of his finest to date, the first really successful one with this orchestra, and surely a definitive interpretation of this work. But alas, the *Maestri* often fall victims to their own temperaments in interpreting a particularly well-known work. Stokowski, who turned out a marvelous *New World* Symphony with his All American Youth Orchestra, now gives us a Tschaikowsky *Pathétique* (CM-432; $6.50) cloyed with the worst and most eccentric of the Stokowski mannerisms. This symphony wavers on the brink of sentimentality, yet with restrained and balanced interpretation can show real greatness. Stokowski throws restraint to the winds in the first two movements—his famous strings exploit every emotional nuance, apparently regardless of distortion of the musical content. As a stunt, perhaps OK, but as a permanent recording this performance is out. Last two movements are fine.

★ ★

A strange and interesting work is the Schubert *Wanderer* Fantasie arranged for piano and orchestra by Liszt. Liszt pared off over-difficult sections of the original piano work, added

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a very liberal dose of Lisztian heroics, and dished out a noisy orchestral accompaniment. Result: When the orchestra is silent we hear pure Schubert, when it intercedes, Schubert is quickly buried, and the music is Liszt. Technically the arrangement is a brilliant one, but to me the two composers are incompatible, and each rehearing makes the partnership more uneasy. Edward Kilyeni is the pianist. (CM-426; $3.50). . . .

★ ★

Mr. Biggs's *Little Organ Book* of Bach is now complete in Vol. III (VM-711; $2.50), and my original opinion of the work holds. It is risky to generalize; his interpretations vary greatly from record to record. Yet on the whole I feel in his registration and tempo a lack of awareness of the real musical significance of these little chorale preludes. One of the same appears, played by Gustav Bret on a "conventional" organ, on Victor 13498 ($1) Bret is to be preferred musically, though his organ is unsuitable. Reverse is *Benedictus* from Lassus's Mass, *Douce Mémoire,* sung by the wonderful Dijon Cathedral Choir, here not quite as wonderful as usual. . . . Helen Traubel has a voice that rivals Flagstad's, and behind the voice a musical intelligence also comparable. A recording of *Tannhauser,* Act II, *Dich Teure Halle* is first rate. An excerpt from *Alceste* on the reverse has more of *Tannhauser* in it than is good for Gluck. (V 17268; $1). . . .

★ ★

I have no compunction in reviewing Christmas music late. If it's worth its salt it should still be very much alive. Two Victor records of charming minor works are that. The superb Trapp Family Choir sing two tender carols by their conductor, Franz Wasner, on Victor 2118 (75c.) and the Boston Pops records a lovely Christmas Symphony in the style of Handel by one Gaetano Schiassi, d. 1754. (V 13446; $1.)

★ ★

Perhaps 90 per cent of the world's great music is unknown. Music Press, a new organization with an imposing list of sponsors, is publishing a list of newly resurrected works by older masters, in a flexible edition designed for performance with every conceivable kind and size of amateur and semi-amateur orchestra. Columbia is issuing recordings of "model" performances of some of these works. A fine sample is the Three Ricarcari for strings by Andrea Gabariele Scarlatti, 17th century composer of operas, (Col. 70366-D); $1) played by the Stuyvesant Quartet. The first and third are pleasant contrapuntal chit-chat, the second a simple and expressive andante.

NOTE: SUBSCRIBERS WILL PLEASE NOTIFY CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT, THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, 420 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y., OF ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Double-Crostics: No. 354

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1- D	2- M	3- E		4- R	5- V	6- N	7- O	8- Q	9- L		10- J	11- O	12- H	13- Q		14- D
15- W	16- K		17- O	18- Z	19- R	20- F	21- Y	22- V		23- H	24- O	25- R	26- M	27- Z		28- K
29- E		30- J	31- R	32- C	33- S	34- O		35- C	36- M		37- K	38- N		39- H	40- I	41- U
42- P	43- L	44- B		45- X	46- J	47- N	48- K		49- G	50- Q	51- D		52- N	53- H	54- Y	55- F
56- V	57- E		58- H	59- B	60- T	61- R	62- Z		63- Y	64- W	65- B		66- S	67- O	68- L	69- K
	70- I	71- F	72- O	73- G	74- B	75- W	76- R		77- O	78- B	79- M	80- R		81- F	82- Z	83- I
84- E	85- X		86- X	87- T	88- H	89- P	90- Y	91- S	92- N	93- A	94- R		95- H	96- B	97- U	98- V
99- I	100- A		101- V	102- N	103- W	104- M		105- J	106- C	107- Q		108- G	109- K		110- D	111- M
	112- Z	113- T	114- Q	115- C	116- D		117- S	118- U	119- F	120- N	121- A	122- Q	123- G	124- W	125- T	
126- B	127- V	128- A	129- Y	130- C	131- W	132- F	133- H	134- I	135- R		136- E	137- G	138- Q		139- E	140- C
141- G	142- N	143- O		144- D		145- T	146- I	147- X	148- H	149- C	150- D		151- Y	152- B	153- V	154- I
155- O	156- D	157- F	158- K	159- L	160- J	161- R		162- V	163- F	164- W	165- G	166- K	167- S	168- A		169- K
170- Y	171- R	172- E	173- J	174- A		175- V	176- F	177- C		178- B	179- P	180- J	181- G	182- Y	183- L	184- U
	185- X	186- K	187- R	188- I												

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Surrounded as for defense.
B. Dickens ("umble") character (full name).
C. Large amount.
D. Hundred-headed monster in Avernus.
E. Groveling submissively (2 wds.)
F. Author (fem.) of "Romance of the Forest" (1791).
G. Vocal trio (music).
H. Novel by Scott.
I. Giving vent to intense feeling.
J. Character in "The Merchant of Venice."
K. Insecurely financed; irresponsible (comp.)
L. Man who reasoned with Job.
M. Hasty pudding; mush (local U. S.)
N. Start in a hunt.
O. Not edible.
P. Protuberance; the gist (of a story).
Q. English-African dialect of former Georgia slaves.
R. Lacking discernment as to future action.
S. Tremulous-leaved poplar.
T. Afresh, recently.
U. Suppose, believe.
V. Exonerate of charges by perfunctory investigation.
W. Unprofitable, useless.
X. Poverty-stricken.
Y. Easily duped.
Z. Curvature or bend; cavity or hollow.

WORDS

100 93 128 168 121 174
152 126 59 74 78 96 44 65 178
115 35 130 140 106 149 32 177
1 156 144 14 150 51 110 116
29 136 3 57 172 84 139
119 163 55 20 132 176 157 81 71
49 141 137 181 73 123 165 108
58 133 88 148 95 39 53 23 12
146 40 99 70 134 83 188 154
10 105 30 160 173 180 46
109 158 16 169 186 48 166 69 28 37
183 43 159 9 68
111 2 36 79 26 104
92 102 142 38 47 6 120 52
11 67 143 34 17 7 24 155 72 77
89 179 42
8 138 107 122 50 13 114
161 171 25 19 80 135 31 61 76 4 187 94
91 66 117 33 167
60 113 145 87 125
184 97 118 41
101 175 127 153 56 162 98 22 5
164 15 131 75 64 124 103
147 185 86 45 85
90 21 54 63 129 151 182 170
112 18 27 82 62

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS ASSOCIATES

QUESTION: Mr. Bones, what is one of the best selling books in Germany today?

Answer: Well, sir, the best selling book in Germany today is *How to Win Friends and Influence People,* by Dale Carnegie.

Various mediums of information have published and proclaimed this tidbit, but we generally like to end the week with cheerful news.

★ ★

☞From Houghton Mifflin comes the news they've awarded literary fellowships to Archibald Fleming MacLeish and Mary Benton. The awards carry the sum of $1,500, of which $1,000 is an outright grant and the remaining $500 to be applied against royalties. Mr. MacLeish won his award for working on a novel "from the point of view of the man in the air." Miss Benton, a great-grandniece of Thomas Hart Benton, famous senator of frontier days, is writing his biography. More than 500 entries were submitted in this annual competition.

★ ★

☞Books in the American Rivers Series published by Farrar & Rinehart are enjoying steady and growing sales. New printings have just been ordered for *The James,* by Blair Niles; *The Wabash,* by William E. Wilson, and *The Upper Mississippi,* by Walter Havighurst. Our own Mr. Canby has joined the ranks of the River historians by contributing *The Brandywine,* to be published early in the Spring. ☞Oxford University Press is on the job again. General Sir Archibald Wavell, the brilliant commander of the British forces in North Africa, has had recently published in London a biography called *Allenby, A Study in Greatness.* The United States will get a glimpse of it this spring.

★ ★

☞We heard the President's speech last week and we liked it, especially his statement that we're not going to send any of our American soldiers across, but transport loads of fighting materials. This reminds us that Columbia University Press has on its list *Transporting the A.E.F. in Western Europe, 1917-1919.* It's a good book to have around, especially for swivel-chair generals and amateur naval strategists, or for any of our readers who want to know how it was done in those days.

★ ★

☞The Membership Committee of the Baker Street Irregulars might take a look at W. Somerset Maugham. His qualifications are peculiar. In *The Saturday Evening Post* [Dec. 28], he has written an article called "Give Me a Murder," in which he says some sharp things about the Sherlock Holmes stories in particular and mystery writing in general. If the Irregulars were not what that word implies, Mr. Maugham would not stand a chance of admittance. He commits heresy at once by mentioning the name of Conan Doyle; then he plunges into an indictment: "I was surprised to discover how poor they [the Holmes stories] were, for, like everybody else, I had read them with delight when they first appeared. The introduction is highly effective, the scene is well set, but the anecdote is thin and you are too often left feeling that you have been cheated. There is poverty of invention and there is lack of ingenuity. The thrill has gone out of them."

☞That last sentence may be more than the Irregulars can take, but our own hope that Mr. Maugham will reach the Initiating Committee lies in the verdict—the pull of the stories is in the charm of Sherlock Holmes himself. "He was drawn on broad and telling lines, a melodramatic figure with marked idiosyncrasies . . . this lay figure, decked out in theatrical properties, has acquired the same sort of life in your imagination as is held by Mr. Micawber. No detective stories have ever had the popularity of Conan Doyle's and because of the invention of Sherlock Holmes I think it must be admitted that none have so well deserved it."

☞Mr. Maugham attributes the rise in the popularity of mystery books not only to the skillfulness of modern detective-story writers, but also to the fact that "of late the writers of fiction of a more ambitious character have forgotten to tell stories; it has escaped their notice that action is the mainspring of the novel just as it is of the play; and in their fear of the melodramatic they have eschewed the dramatic . . . the serious novel of the day is regrettably namby-pamby."

☞Maugham also exposes the amateur detective: "He is a nasty busybody, a liar, a bully and a Nosey Parker who, from sheer love of interfering in what doesn't concern him, engages in work which any decent person would leave to the officers of the law whose duty it is to do it . . . I am waiting for the story in which the amateur detective is shown as the thoroughly despicable creature he really is and in the end gets his deserts." ☞Mystery addicts will be well rewarded by digging this issue of the *Satevepost* out of the attic.

★ ★

☞Before we get too far away from our opening note on how to win friends and influence people, we should like to call attention to new books (in addition to Henry Seidel Canby's work on the Brandywine) now under way by *SRL* editors. From "sources believed reliable," we hear that Chris Morley is busy on a book that is not a sequel to *Kitty Foyle.* William Rose Benét's new book of verse will soon be in the bookstores. Coward-McCann has just signed Norman Cousins to write *A Primer for Democracy.*

★ ★

☞Allison Delarue, editor and publisher of the little magazine, *Letters* (Princeton University Press), announces preparations for a Spring, 1941, number. He is interested in receiving unusual ballet material. Inquiries should be addressed to Allison Delarue, Museum for the Arts of Decoration, Cooper Union, New York City.

★ ★

☞A Museum of Natural History best-seller and a new title for our private collection—"The Preparation of the Rough Skeleton." Our all-time high in titles is still, "The Frogs and Reptiles of Okefinokee Swamp, Okefinokee, Georgia." But the humor has gone out of an English title we once prized, "The British Navy in Adversity." Last year one of the editors distributed copies of a book whose jacket was titled, "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness in the Armenian Northwest," but we suspect the jacket was strictly a made-to-order job. ☞Any more interesting titles?

in the VIRGINIA QUARTERLY review

Carl Becker asks if the problems of production and distribution can be solved democratically:
The Dilemma of Modern Democracy

Peter F. Drucker explains why the Junkers cannot lead a revolt against Hitler:
What Became of the Prussian Army?

Alfred Kazin writes on Edith Wharton and Theodore Dreiser within the framework of the "arrested energies" of the 'nineties: **The Lady and the Tiger**

Karl A. Menninger answers the arguments of Virginia Woolf in an article on the rôle of women in war:
Eve and the Flying Dutchman

A Supplement marks the first publication of a five-act comedy by
D. H. Lawrence

John Bassett Moore makes a critical examination of our foreign policy:
What of the Night?

Other articles, fiction, poetry, reviews

$1 TO *SRL* READERS, A 9-MONTHS TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION AT LESS THAN HALF-PRICE. SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, WITH ONE DOLLAR, TO:

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW
Charlottesville, Virginia

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED